

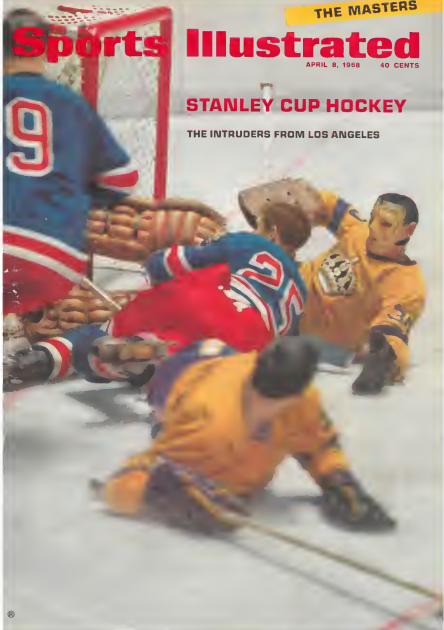
THE MASTERS

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 8, 1968 40 CENTS

STANLEY CUP HOCKEY

THE INTRUDERS FROM LOS ANGELES



In case you missed
the start of the
Revolution...



Lift this page ♦

here's the inside story of the club that's behind it all.



The revolutionary new Armorloc wood from AMF Voit.

Over 300,000 rounds have been fired with these clubs.

In less than a year, Voit clubs have shaken the complacency of the golfing world. For, with these clubs, thousands are now playing a consistently better game than they ever have before.

The reason is due to a scientifically advanced approach to wood clubhead design called ARMORLOC. The solid maple head of each Voit wood is precision machined for exact uniformity, then (instead of varnished) is encased in a 1/8-inch-thick protective shield of a virtually indestructible

space-age material called Armatex.

The result is a wood that won't warp, split, deteriorate, absorb moisture or ever lose its balance.

Which means, you'll hit truer and drive farther. We don't guarantee you'll shave strokes off your game. But we do guarantee your Voit clubs won't serve as a hidden handicap.



**Backed
by the bravest
guarantee
in golf.**

AMF Voit 3-Year Guarantee

The materials and workmanship of your Voit golf clubs are guaranteed to be free from all defects.

The exclusive ARMORLOC wood head* is additionally guaranteed against the absorption of moisture, warping, split or cracked hosels, loosening of face plates or sole plates, for a period of three years.

Should such damage occur, return the affected club to the dealer of record—or if this is inconvenient, to the W. J. Voit Rubber Corp. factory in Santa Ana, California.

Voit reserves the right to inspect for misuse, and to decide whether repair, replacement or adjustment is due.

*Three-year guarantee applies to 300 Magnum, Celebrity and Vogue lines.



Pride of the light artillery- AMF Voit "Power Flare" irons.

While ARMORLOC woods sweep the field, Voit musters up a company of irons that are just as exceptional.

Exclusive "Power Flare" construction places the center of power behind and slightly below the mid-point of the striking area for greater distance and control. Other performance advantages include Perfect Paint Scoring Lines,

Rolled Sole to avoid dubbed shots and Voit's exclusive Magic Eye which is placed squarely in the "sweet spot" for the precise positioning of each shot.

AMF Voit offers a complete line of clubs, with a set to satisfy every wish and wallet... woods, irons, putters and utility clubs... for both men and women.

Plus
full field
equipment
from
AMF Voit.



Meet the ball built for battle— the mighty 300 Magnum.

Here is the ammunition designed to match the power and accuracy of AMF Voit ARMORLOC clubs. We believe it to be the finest pro-quality ball available today — at any price.

The 300 Magnum comes in three distinct compression ranges to fit the skill and preference of every serious golfer: 15+, 90+ and 80+.

To make certain that you'll be satisfied with no other, every Voit 300 Magnum is made without compromise, from its pure rubber winding to its rugged polymer Boloto cover.

Every ball is scientifically tested for perfect balance. And it meets all USGA specifications.

Now available exclusively at authorized sporting goods dealers.


300 MAGNUM
2



New Ideas in Action

VOIT.

V. J. Voit Rubber Corp., a Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

Leaders & Innovators in Athletic Balls, Exercisers, Golf, Bowling, Billiards, Snow Skis, Skin Diving & SCUBA Gear and Water Skis.



"PASTIMES" TIE KLIPS

Match these ingenious Tie Klips to his hobby, profession, or favorite sport. Each carefully detailed design makes a highly individual touch of fashion. \$3. each.

SWANK
available at fine stores everywhere

Contents

APRIL 8, 1968 Volume 28, No. 14

Cover photograph by Tony Triolo

24 A Guess-Again Derby

The results of major preps in California and Florida add new characters to the Kentucky Derby cast

28 Indiana Wins the Big One Big

After years of frustration the Hoosiers came through in the NCAA swimming championship

32 The Coast's Crazy Dreamers

Hockey's brainy new Kings have a silly notion that they can win the Stanley Cup. Or is it so silly?

The Time for Augusta

38 Alfred Wright predicts a challenge to Palmer and Nicklaus

49 Dan Jenkins reveals a Masters the public never gets to see

56 Coochie Coos Another Tune

All it takes is with Madcat Grant, now pitching for the Dodgers and a place in the show biz world of Los Angeles

83 To Billie Jean with Love from Nancy

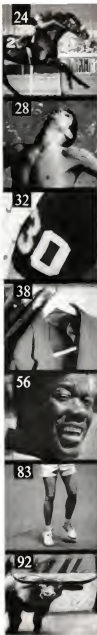
Billie Jean King turned pro, but not before losing her last amateur match to her longtime rival, Nancy Richey

92 Top Hunt in the Top End

Virginia Knoff—after a shaky start—bags a buffalo in the rugged country of Australia's Northern Territory

The departments

17 Scorecard	90 Bridge
77 People	111 For the Record
78 Baseball	112 19th Hole
87 Boxing	



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Linn, President; D. W. Bradshaw, Treasurer; John F. Harbo, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Postmaster: U.S. subscription \$5 a year; Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 111

Next week

BASEBALL BEGINS. In the annual salute to the new season, William Leggett appraises the chances of all the teams. There will be a review in 12 pages of color photographs of the highlights of 1967's exciting pennant races, and Sal Maglie, whose curves and high inside fastball were the scourge of an earlier generation of batters, begins his story of life inside the tough business of baseball. Plus, for followers of other sports, all the regular features, including a special report on the NBA divisional playoffs by Frank Deford.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When the word came around that Picture Editor John Stebbins had turned 60 and was retiring to New Mexico, there was an audible gasp among younger members of our staff. Stebbins may be the youngest, fittest-looking 60 in all of New York, and those junior citizens among us, who had believed that life more or less ended at 30, began to realize that they just might have a few more good years ahead.

Stebbins has been an integral part of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's operation from the very beginning. In December of 1953, when pictures for the first dummy issue of the magazine were being processed in our Chicago printer's plant, John was there as a member of the production staff. And two weeks ago, while UCLA was wallowing Houston in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, he was there at court-side, waiting to bring film back to New York. In his six years as picture editor—he took over that post in 1962—Stebbins has made 4,353 photographic assignments, flown to and from dozens of sporting events and painstakingly perused tens of thousands of rolls of film.

From boyhood (he grew up in Augusta, Ga.), John seemed always to have a camera to his hand and a dark-

room in the attic. "I started with a Brownie taking pictures of Old Faithful," he waxes. "I really did. I hate to tell you." At 17, Stebbins went to work for *The New Yorker* and stayed for 17 years. "It was a modest operation then," he says. "Scissors were tied to desks with string and the vice-president's window had a pane missing." In World War II he worked in, and later headed, the Overseas Technical Unit, which took approach pictures of remote airstrips all over the world. "Once we were lost off Chile," he recalls. "We were preparing to ditch when the pilot finally homed in on a transmitter playing an old Victrola record."

Stebbins has had a few moments of danger with us, too, most notably the night he answered a knock on his New York hotel door only to be shoved back by two hoodlums, who pushed him down, tied him up, tore out his telephone and then stole several hundred dollars' worth of photographic equipment. John's move to the less savage wilds of the Southwest has been foreshadowed by vacations. For 10 consecutive summers he, his wife Alison and sons Jeff and Tucker hiked and climbed in central British Columbia. The Stebbinses have also frequented Maine, Quebec's Gaspé Peninsula, the British Virgin Islands and, more recently, sunny New Mexico, which they have settled on because "we've shoveled 60 feet of driveway for 15 years." In New Mexico, John says, "First, we hope to find a stream, some mountains and some woods. Then we'll build a darkroom."

Taking over as photography editor is 39-year-old George Bloodgood, who joined SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1956 and who has been with Time Inc. for 22 years. That, too, is hard to believe—because Bloodgood also looks young for his age.



YOUNG JOHN STEBBINS

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1961

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Channon

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Buhari

President: James A. Linn

Senior Staff Editor: Ralph Green

Chairman, Executive Committee: Ray E. Linn

Managing Editor: Andy Lagave

Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston

Associate Managing Editor: John Tilly, Roy Tully

Art Director: Richard Gargel

Senior Editors: Walter Douglas, Rufus M. Boyle

Artists: J. E. Brown, Robert G. Brown, J. E. Brown

Senior Editors: Andrew Gribble, Robert S. Brown

Senior Editors: Marvin Kohn, Stephen E. Mays, Jack Quinn

Senior Editors: George R. Brown, Joseph C. Brown

Senior Editors: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Senior Editors: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Senior Editors: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

Staff Writers: Mark Miller, David P. Miller

Staff Writers: John Underwood, J. E. Brown, Lee Woodford

Staff Writers: Pete Asch, Dennis Berman, Tom C. Hoar

Staff Writers: Dan J. Brown, William Johnson, Virginia Kline

ANTI PERSPIRANT



Not just anti-odor—that's not enough
Any aerosol "deodorant" can stop odor
But if you want to check perspiration
under the arms and kill odor for hours, get
Mennen Anti-Perspirant Spray
You'll be dry if you do. You'll be damp if you don't.

Switch to Mennen Anti-Perspirant Spray.

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

invites you on a food-lovers "tour" of provincial France

...yours for 10 days free from Foods of the World



Here is an invitation to take a delightful kind of journey through the provinces of France. You may stop and "visit" such fascinating places as an open-air market in Gasconne or a charming old inn on the road to Chartres. And you'll "collect" authentic recipes all along the way for the simple, hearty, superbly flavorful regional specialties of the land.

Perhaps one of the first you'll try will be a savory *Concoquet*... the stew of meats and beans so famous in Languedoc. Or you might be in the mood for something sweet and light... such as a *Soufflé au Grand Marnier*. The choice is yours. And you'll probably want to try every delicious hors d'oeuvre, soup, entrée and dessert in *The Cooking of Provincial France*.

Famous authorities show you the way

Your guides are M. F. K. Fisher, the gifted author and expert on French country-style cooking; Julia Child, television's famous "French Chef"; and Michael Fidd, one of America's first-rate cooking teachers. With

the big, beautiful volume they helped to create for TIME-LIFE Books, French country-style cooking is wonderfully easy. For the book doesn't just tell you how—it actually shows you how—with step-by-step picture directions.

The book also brings you a knowledge of fascinating regional traditions and cuisines, and suggests ways to adapt and use some of these intriguing customs in your home.

The Cooking of Provincial France is Volume I in *ROOTS OF THE WOMAN*—a remarkable, new, illustrated library from TIME-LIFE Books that offers authentic recipes and fascinating cooking lore from all the major cuisines of the world. This is the first series to picture, in the beautiful full-color style of TIME-LIFE Books, exactly how to prepare the most delectable dishes of many lands. Each volume is the work of experts in the cuisine of that particular country. Before inclusion, every recipe has been tested in our own kitchens under the supervision of Michael Field. Every volume comes with its own handy spiral-bound Recipe File, like the

one shown here that comes with *The Cooking of Provincial France*. The Recipe Files are included without extra charge.

Sample it for 10 days, free

We'd like to send you the first volume, *The Cooking of Provincial France* for a 10-day free examination. Then, if you wish, you may return it and owe nothing. But if you do want to own it, it is yours for considerably less than such a handsome book would ordinarily cost. Thanks to the vast facilities of TIME-LIFE Books, substantial savings are realized and passed on to you. You pay only \$4.95, plus shipping and handling. Then you will be entitled to receive another volume in the series for free examination every two months, and to keep it, if you wish, at the same low price. But by accepting this invitation, you make no promise to buy anything. To receive the first volume for 10-day free examination, simply mail the postage order form or write to TIME-LIFE Books, Dept. 0215, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Get BOTH FREE with *The Cooking of Provincial France*

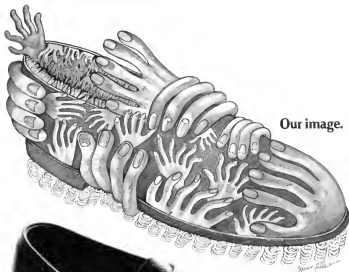
The handy, spiral-bound **RECIPE FILE** contains 100 recipes, including every one shown in Volume I. (Each volume comes with its own **RECIPE FILE**, at no extra charge.)

64-page KITCHEN GUIDE contains valuable pointers to help you shop for, prepare and serve compliment-winning meals in every cuisine covered by roots of the world. It's a free gift with Volume I.

The Cooking of Provincial France Big, beautiful 266-page book measures 8½" by 11" and contains:

- 100 pages of full-color photos and drawings, plus many more pages of monochrome illustrations. All are new. Nothing is reprinted from our magazines.
- Authentic recipes for the famed regional dishes of France, plus fascinating facts on the cuisines and customs of different provinces.
- Basic Guide to French Table Wines, that tells how to buy, keep and serve them, and much more.
- Guide to 21 of the world's most savory cheeses.
- Herb Garden Guide that tells and shows what herbs to plant in a kitchen garden or window box.
- Shopping Guide.
- Glossary of Food Terms.

11-11



Our image.



Our shoe.

When we named our shoe the Weyenberg Massagic, we had no idea we were unleashing a monster. The fact is, our image has been scaring a lot of people away. So, it's about time we straightened the whole thing out.

A Massagic is very definitely not a massaging device. It's simply a very comfortable shoe. And for some very good reasons.

It has a molded (not sewn) foam rubber archlift that puts your arch in the right place, which improves the pos-

ture of your whole foot. Which might even improve the posture of your whole body.

A steel-shank built in under the arch to make sure your shoes never get flatfooted. (No matter how much weight you carry.)

A thick rubber cushion with millions of air cells. The next best thing to walking on air is walking on air cells.

An extra fat cushion in every heel, because heels have to bear the brunt of every step.

A top-grade leather that never rubs you the wrong way because we rub in a coat of wax and let it seep in for four days.

Now, take a close look at the shoe above (the one without the fingers). As you can see, a shoe that's easy on the feet doesn't have to be hard on the eyes.

So why don't we pretty up our image by prettying up our name!

Because there are a lot of people already wearing Massagics. And we want them to find us when they come back.

Weyenberg Massagic Shoes.

From \$19.95 to \$34.95, Weyenberg Shoe, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201



*Timely information:
Koratron invented permanent press.
Koratron perfected permanent press.
Isn't it high time you demanded the one
permanent press that really works?
Koratron.*

No matter who is the manufacturer, all garments that earn the trademark Koratron have been independently tested and approved by the Koratron permanent press laboratory.

The most misunderstood drink in the world.

Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste.

Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Meet misunderstanding #2

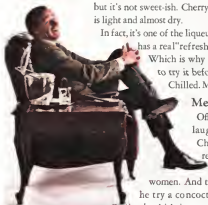
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?

Cherry Heering (cherry hee-ing) is an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the U.S.

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry Heering, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.

CHEERRY HEERING 40 PROOF COURVOISIER COGNAC 50 PROOF.
BOTH IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.





Wife Overboard!

Is this any way to hold a business meeting? You bet it is! Bringing the wives along to the new Chicago Marriott is one sure way to make any convention or meeting a splashing success.

While the men dive into the work, the ladies can loiter around the pool, shop or relax. Later, you'll share delectable meals prepared in all gas kitchens by wife-dazzling chefs . . . and a quiet sleeping room comfort-conditioned by gas.

Every day is ladies' day at the Chicago Marriott. Last one into the pool's a young maid.

This is living this is **Marriott**
MOTOR HOTELS

Kennedy Expressway, 5 minutes from O'Hare, Chicago, Illinois 60631 • (312) 693-4444
Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Philadelphia, Saddle Brook, N.J., Washington, D.C., Houston ('68), Boston ('69)
Camelback Inn, Scottsdale, Arizona



First the chicken is browned, starting each piece skin side down.



New potatoes are stewed in the same skillet until golden.



Then chicken and potatoes are combined and simmered together.



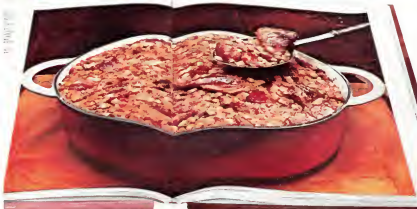
The finished dish, *Poulet Jumeau à la Bretonne*, is typical of French country-style cooking. — good to look at and unusually delicious, yet easy to prepare.



Three typical hearty soups — split pea, vegetable and French onion.



Cajons, filled with a creamy blend of mussels, shrimp and other delicacies make a very special *hors d'oeuvre*.



The new AMX will be sold as democratically as possible.



We, American Motors, have over 2,300 dealers across the country who can sell more AMX's than we can make. And we will only make about 10,000 this year.

In other words, we're faced with a mini-Supply of AMX's and a maxi-Demand for AMX's.

In an effort to give everyone an equal chance to buy an AMX, we're resorting to the best solution we can think of.

Like the House of Representatives, we will try to send a fair share of AMX's to each state, based on its proportionate population.

For example, California, with a larger share of the people, should receive a larger share of AMX's.

New Hampshire, with fewer people, won't get quite so many.

It should all work out democratically.

What is it?

The AMX is a 2-seater. For people who love sports

cars, but haven't the time or the money to take care of one.

Priced at under \$3,300 the AMX offers most of the advantages of a high-priced foreign car.

With none of the disadvantages associated with owning a high performance sports car.

The costly disadvantages of constant maintenance and special engine tune-ups.

In short, the AMX gives you the ease of maintenance associated with a family sedan, along with the sheer fun and maneuverability of a sports car costing thousands more.

The Engine. One Size Fits All.

The AMX body is made of steel, which, while strong, is also heavy.

So we tried an imaginative technique for reducing the AMX's total weight.

We selected a lightweight engine block that combusts exactly the same power as a heavy block.

It worked.

The AMX engine cradle will hold any of three different engines:

Our 290 cubic inch.

Our 343 cubic inch.

Our 380 cubic inch. (Zero to 60 in under 7 seconds. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—that fast.)

The incredibly uncomplex design of the AMX means that, once the 380's broken in, you could roll right onto a race track and be ready to do about 130 mph.

In pure stock form—without special engine modifications.

All three engines are V-8 configuration, and use similar engine blocks.

Which means you don't add excessive size and weight as you go from the 290 to the 343 to the 380.

And though there are cars on the road that are faster than the AMX, we hasten to add that beating other drivers isn't the AMX's main appeal.

Handling.

In the auto industry "handling" means how fast and how accurately your car responds to your personal driving technique.

And how easily.

It's the way the car reacts to you *as you drive*, not the usual dull split second later. You get out of the line, pass the car in front and get back into lane in one sure motion.

The AMX offers one of the fastest steering wheel ratios of any U.S.-built car.

This means it turns, corners, follows your direction *simultaneously*.

Yes, The Layman.

If car advertising never tells you about engineering, it's only because you'd never understand.

Alhhhh...but then again, maybe you would.

AMX standard equipment includes a 290 cubic inch V-8 with 4-barrel carburetor, rated at 225 HP, a short throw, all-synchromesh 4-on-the-floor, dual exhausts, fiber-glass belted wide-profile tires, slim-shelled reclining bucket seats, 8,000 RPM tach, padded aircraft-type instrument panel with deep-set controls, energy absorbing steering column, heavy duty springs and shocks, large diameter sway bar, rear traction bars.

And more.

Are Two Seats Enough?

Yes.

There are 78,000,000 cars in this country with enough seating capacity to carry 450,000,000 people.

Or one-seventh the population of the entire world.

However, there are only 200,000,000 people in America.

Leaving 250,000,000 more car seats than people to sit in them.

Ask yourself if you really need more than a 2-seater.

Your answer may surprise you.

AMX Inner Space.

While the AMX isn't much of a place to hold meetings, it will hold a lot of sport things because it is a sports car.

Back of the dual bucket seats is a fully-carpeted floor space.

It's not as big as a trunk, but we can verify that it will hold any of the following: 3 good-sized suitcases, a big TV set, 2 scuba-diving outfits, 4 parachutes, 3 electric guitars

and amplifiers.

Things of that nature.

Or, you can leave it empty.

And keep the space a space.

AMX Inner Space Part II.

If you need more space, the AMX trunk is where you'll find it.

It's a lot bigger than you'd expect a sports car trunk to be.

This is possible because we didn't fill the trunk with a big spare tire.

We gave you The Airless Spare.

When you need it, it "www.hhhhooonosshh" inflates.

The Airless Spare is something every car should have.

Because it doesn't take up trunk space with air that you don't need.

AMX Outer Space.

You might think that a car offering all of the luggage space of the AMX must be a pretty long car.

But the AMX is an amazing *five inches* shorter than the Corvette.

And the Corvette is pretty short.

Will AMX Number 14 Be More Valuable Than AMX Number 777?

When you buy your AMX, its production number will be set in the dash.

While this may mean a lot to collectors in the years ahead, we do want to point out that all AMX's are made with the same attention and quality.

And while possessing a lower number may have a sentimental or prestige value, it does not in any way make one AMX better than another.

Test Drive.

Before you rush out to buy the new AMX, you should know where to rush to.

The good old phone book has a listing for the American Motors dealer nearest you.

He'll arrange your test drive of the new AMX.

If he still has one.

American Motors



1. Based upon manufacturer's suggested retail price. Federal taxes included. State and local taxes, destination charges, options, included.

**We thought about your greenery.
Your scenery. Your neighbors. Then we
thought up the round one.**



The round one is what's new in central air conditioning. Makes all the others...well, kind of square.

The round one tosses heat and sound straight up. Away from shrubs and neighbors. And the round one looks good doing it.

When we designed the round one, we made it quieter, smaller, stronger, simpler and for less money. So a houseful of Carrier air conditioned comfort will cost you surprisingly little.

See this latest example of Carrier value—the main reason more people put their confidence in Carrier than in any other make.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company



Our Label.



BLended SCOTCH WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). THE J.C. DUNN & CO. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014

Four reasons why Ambassador
Scotch has its clean,
clear lilt of lightness.

We're so proud of all this, we put it right on our label.



The Corbin look.

It's distinctive and it's what it takes to make a boat look like Corbin. Solid colors, plaid, checks and stripes—just to name a few. All of these exclusive designs, from the original and colorful Mustang Lines, to the classic Puffin and Winkle, to the modern and colorful, are available in a wide range of colors and widths. The Corbin look is what it takes to make a boat look like Corbin.

From \$12.95 to \$19.95.

Call 1-800-345-3453 for more information.
 24-01000

For more information, call

CORBIN, LTD

1000 Highway 101, Suite 101, San Diego, CA 92108

For more information, call



SHOPWALK

Want to buy, sell or trade a boat? ABF's computer tells you how to go about it.

A few years ago Robert Nadler, an engineer who loved sailing, set out to buy a second-hand boat. It wasn't easy. "You wind up with sore eyes from reading classified ads and muddy feet from tramping around the boatyards," he says.

Nadler eventually found the boat he wanted, but the agony of the effort led him in time to develop a marketing agency called the American Boating Index, more familiarly known as Instant Boat. "Now," says Nadler proudly, "people can buy or sell their boats without going any farther than the mailbox."

Nadler's ABI matches boats to buyers by computer. Boatowners wanting to sell fill out a one-page form covering everything about their boats that a prospective buyer could conceivably want to know, including its present location. After filling out this "listing-search form," the owner returns it to ABI with \$10. The information on it is then fed to a computer, which holds it in a memory bank for three months while ABI waits for some hopeful buyer to send in a matching form with \$5.

When the right buyer appears, ABI sends him copies of the right boatowner's listing-search form or forms and the rest is up to the parties involved. The prospective buyer's \$5 entitles him to information on three boats. If more than that meet his specifications the would-be buyer can have the extra listings for 50¢ each.

ABI is not a yacht brokerage. It does not in any way underwrite its trades. It serves only as a matchmaker. The prospective buyer must make his own deal and check his merchandise.

In addition to the outright buying and selling of boats, ABF's computer will match up people who wish to charter a boat with an owner who has one for hire. The fees for charter listing are the same as those for selling: \$10 for the owner, \$5 for the customer.

ABI will even help trade old gear, but this program has been less successful. "It's harder to buy or sell second-hand sails for a Snipe, for example, than it is to buy or sell an entire boat," says Nadler. "But we're willing to try. We don't like our customers to feel too automated by all this. Often our customers, whether buying or selling, have specific requests scribbled on the back of the form, requests that need to be handled by a human being, so our practice is to go over all the forms personally. No machine will ever replace the human touch."

For information, write directly to American Boating Index, 2 Charlton Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

—JEANETTE BRUCE



Here's the newest, surest way to start your day off right. Dish up a new Ram 3-D ball. It's chock-full of robust energy. With 100% pure rubber windings.

Eat 'em up, Champ.

Feel like Gene Littler, Tommy Bolt, Bob Rosburg, and Dave Hill with your very first helping. You'll go farther. You'll hear the crisp click that tells you every spoonful is packed full of fresh, high quality.

And here's the sweet part. Every morsel is covered with Ramlon'. Our special strength ingredient. For lasting power and durability. It won't cut. Bruise. Or shatter. Thanks to the thin Ramlon' cover.

Try a box today. Be the first one on your block to feel better. With your first good shot. And your first bad one.

Look for the bright new package. Wherever sporting goods are sold.

Then eat 'em up, champ. The Ram 3-D ball.



RAM
GOLF CORP.
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

The Rare Rattlebug.



(Almost extinct at Avis.)

This bug causes rattles in rent a cars. Which is almost unheard of at Avis.

Because when you rent one of our cars, we give you a practically new Plymouth every time. We're winning the battle of the bugs.

Avis tries harder.



The safe tire.

When you buy a Firestone tire—no matter how much or how little you pay—you get a safe tire.



Firestone tires are custom-built one by one. By skilled craftsmen. And they're personally inspected for an extra margin of safety. If these tires don't pass all of the exacting Firestone inspections, they don't get out.

Every new Firestone design goes through rugged tests of safety and strength far exceeding any driving condition you'll ever encounter. We prove them in our test lab. On our test track. And in rigorous day-to-day driving conditions. All Firestone tires meet or exceed the new Federal Government testing requirements. (They have for some time.) Firestone—The Safe Tire. At 60,000 Firestone Safe Tire Centers. And at no more cost than ordinary tires.

Firestone

A little birdie told me:
that Jantzen message makes
the match every time.



Jantzen spoken here.

Golfer Dave Murr's cardigan is from our "Three under" collection. A light, comfortable blend of alpaca, mohair and wool. 21 colors, \$20. Prices slightly higher in the West. The slacks, permanent press, about \$12. Coordinated golf shirt in 15 colors, \$6. Both half Dacron® polyester, half cotton.


jantzen
EST. 1900

©1990 Jantzen Inc.

SCORECARD

IMAGE BUILDING

The decision taken last week by the International Lawn Tennis Federation to recognize and promote open tennis is revolutionary and commendable. But ridding tennis of shamateurism is not going to immediately solve all of the sport's problems.

One troop of barnstorming pro players, backed by Texas money and fitted out in razzle-dazzle colors, has been a notable failure. Trouble is, the color has been superficially imposed. What American tennis desperately needs is a tennis hero, an Arnold Palmer or a John Unitas, to evoke a new enthusiasm. It needs the excitement of personal duels and conflicts, the kind that flared for a moment in the Billie Jean King-Nancy Richey grudge match last week (page 83). And sad to say, it probably needs better young athletes—the kind that take up football, baseball and golf because they offer more money. Open tennis is a step toward the revival of the sport, but just a step.

SON OF WHOOSHMOBILE

It happens that sport spectacles often fail to live up to their billing. But if ever a coming event shaped up as a high-winding dandy it is this year's Indianapolis 500. Already, passions are historic, oldtime racing families have been rent asunder and almost everyone involved has a case of mechanical jitter that is not going to get any better before they line up those 33 supercars on Memorial Day.

Consider the subplots: 1) everyone knows that the inimitable Rufus Parnella Jones showed up in a turbine car last year, led most of the race and scared the carburetors off the piston-engine crowd; 2) then USAC, which sanctions the race, slapped restrictions on turbines. Jones's sponsor, Andy Granatelli, retaliated by suing USAC; and 3) Andy's designer, Ken Wallis, split away and built some turbocars of his own that look a lot like last year's Car 40. Which brought

everyone to last week, and guess who showed up at Indy?

Theft was Colin Chapman with a new STP-Lotus Turbocar, one of five he has built in England for Granatelli, who is not one to let a little old lawsuit stand in the way of racing. The new car is long and wedge-shaped, hung so low that only a bit of exhaust sticks up higher than the wheels. It carries a rear-mounted Pratt & Whitney turbine of unrevealed—but apparently adequate—horsepower. Up stepped ex-world champion and 500 winner Jimmy Clark, who drove a lap "right out of the box," as they say at Indy, at 169 mph and later took to flickering down the back straightaway at well over 300 mph. It will go faster, he allowed, when they get it adjusted to the track. Then Chapman crated it up, sent it back to England, and they disappeared, leaving the air full of tension.

As if that were not tantalizing enough, Indy giants A. J. Foyt, Mario Andretti and Dan Gurney are toying with brand new turbo-charged Ford engines, blown up to around 900 horsepower and apparently capable of running every bit as fast as the turbines.

All of which sets the stage for the whooshangest 500 ever; certainly the fastest, and clearly the most innovative.

STAMP OF APPROVAL?

Despite their announced intentions to boycott this year's Summer Olympics, at least three African states—Dahomey, Togo and Mauritania—are issuing stamps commemorating the Mexico City Games, this being one way to lick expenses. And Chad, Gabon, Mali, Algeria, Niger and Upper Volta are continuing to market Winter Olympic issues. To date, 50 countries have printed Olympic stamps. Among the most noteworthy are the Winter Games stamps produced by the desert Sheikdom of Sharjah (pop 5,000) on the Persian Gulf. They depict bobsledders and skiers in action. The gold medal for Grenoble, however, must

go to the Himalayan country of Bhutan. It found itself with many copies of an odd abominable snowman stamp, so it printed the Olympic symbol across his stomach, and the abominable snowman skis again.

CHILLING FACT

The Stanley Cup playoffs begin this Thursday. If all series were to go the distance, the playoffs would not end until May 12.

CHICKEN HUNTING

Although it is definitely out of season, prairie chickens are being hunted at Ellington Air Force Base near Houston.



For the past two months the birds have been doing their ritual mating dances on the airfield runways, puffing out their brilliant orange necks, stomping their feet and making deep-voiced sounds—"boom-boom-boom." They have also been menacing the jet aircraft. The danger from the Air Force viewpoint is that the birds might get sucked into the jet engines and foul them up. Alarmed, the Air base called for help from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which suggested that helicopters be used to first flush the prairie chickens and then chase them. The Air Force has found the average prairie chicken can survive pursuit by the average helicopter for eight minutes. Then the bird flops in exhaustion and the helicopter crew drops a net over it. So far, 70 of the estimated 80 prairie chickens on or near the base have been

continued

THE "When we get to Acapulco" SHOES



Summer pleasure can mean another country or an evening on the patio. Either way, take to the fun with color and comfort in these Florsheim specialists. Buoyant, light, soft. Their colorful brushed calf inspires relaxation like nothing you have now. A change of pace is like a change of scene, so feel great in something new—from Florsheim!

Most regular styles \$1995 to \$2795 / Most Imperial styles \$3795

FLORSHEIM

NEW SHOES FROM A TRUSTED NAME

Shown: The ESCAPE in sand brushed calf, 85003; chestnut, 85006; mint, 88003; gold, 87003; blue, 89003; white olympic calf, 40009.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF JORDAN INDUSTRIES

SCORECARD *continued*

captured. They are being released in Refugio County where they will probably be too wary to risk a mating dance for a long time to come.

AIMING HIGH

Nobody has more experience assessing the limits of human endeavor than Norris and Ross McWhirter, the English twins who write the *Guinness Book of World Records*. The latest edition, for example, discloses that the longest rendering of a piece of music occurred in 1909 on a railway-station platform in Brandenburg, Germany. A military band played *God Save the King*, nonstop 16 or 17 times while King Edward VII was struggling inside a train to get into his German field marshal uniform.

Thus it was slightly more than idle guessing the other day when the twins, on a visit to New York, predicted that drugs—primarily anabolic steroids, which are used to increase weight and build strength—would lead to startling changes in sports records by the year 2000. Anyone who does not believe that sport—particularly track and field, weight lifting and horse racing—is increasingly affected by drug use is "extremely naive," says Norris. "The Russians started it all in 1959. Drug usage in the U.S. came in about 1963, and has increased rapidly everywhere since."

In 1896, the McWhirters point out, a Canadian lifted 4,133 pounds, and, in 1934, this world record was still intact. But in the next 34 years the record has gone to 6,270 pounds, and the McWhirters estimate it will be up to 7,000 by the turn of the century. "Many weight lifters and track-and-field performers are admittedly using drugs to gain weight and increase their powers," says Ross. "The mile record will drop to 3:46 with the use of steroids. The shotput mark, which was only 55 feet 1½ inches in 1934 and is currently 71 feet 5½ inches, will be 75½ feet by 2000. The discus will go to 230 feet compared to today's 213 feet 11¾ inches and the hammer throw will increase from 241 feet 11¼ inches to 265." They expect the pole vault, now 17 feet 8 inches, to go to 19 feet 3 inches, "the height of the world's tallest animal, the giraffe."

On the other hand, the McWhirters predict the broad jump (27 feet 4¾ inches) and high jump (7 feet 5¼ inches) marks will increase only an inch or so.

In horse racing, they look for "sen-
continued

THE NEW JACK NICKLAUS BOOK HELPS YOU LOOK GOOD...EVEN IN THE ROUGH

Ever see Jack Nicklaus on TV?

Winner of every major golf title over the past few years and last year's biggest money winner—he plays an aggressive risk-taking game. Sometimes gets into trouble, but almost always gets out fast. And never loses his cool.

And now Nicklaus has distilled this secret of cool, game-winning golf.

Take a Tip From Me, just published, shows you more than 50 new ways to cut your golf score. And it's guaranteed to work.

Nicklaus does not suggest you play a tight, timid game just to avoid trouble. Instead he shows you how to take sensible risks, how to seize advantages that cut strokes... even at the risk of getting into trouble.

For example, when you learn Nicklaus' technique for handling dog leg holes, you'll outscore your opponent while he's looking worried and playing it safe.

And you can carry Nicklaus' bold approach into the rest of your game... swinging with more power... using your head to stop "hitting fat"... and forgetting completely about that tricky "pause at the top of the backswing."

Playing this way, you'll have more

fun. You'll probably confound your regular partners. But you may get into trouble a bit more.

But that's where Nicklaus' book can be most helpful. In chapter after chapter, big Jack shows you how to stay calm and turn a tough break into a short-cut to the putting green.

He demonstrates two pointers that will lift your ball right out of any hazard—no matter how tough—how to use powers of concentration to blast through grass, explode out of sand.

Nicklaus shows how to get out of a gully or ditch while reducing chances of a hook or slice... how to adapt shots for treacherous lies... an unusually effective way to get a ball out of sand when a sand wedge won't do the job as well.

You learn how to read telltale divot marks to find the cause of a bad shot... and how to use your eyes instead of your swing in putting.

You're shown how to choke down to avoid choking up in a sand trap. Why top pros take such pains over teeing up 3 technical adjustments that cut out hooks, sharpen your short game, and pinpoint your putting.

Writing this book—just as its best-sell-

ing predecessor, *My 55 Ways to Lower Your Golf Score*—was a work of love by Jack Nicklaus. First appearing as a group of exclusive articles in *Sports Illustrated*, both books reveal Nicklaus' strongest feelings about the game... and his most prized game-winning techniques.

He uses simple non-technical language. And to make each pointer absolutely clear he worked with a brilliant artist, Francis Golden, who—says Nicklaus—"knows the mechanics of golf almost as well as I do. Between us, we came up with what I feel is a new kind of golf instruction."

Every pointer comes from actual play. Each is treated separately and is fully illustrated with a big, colorful diagrammatic drawing. You can pick the book up at any page and learn something that will lower your score.

TRY NICKLAUS' NEW BOOK ON THIS GUARANTEE

The publisher of *Take a Tip From Me* is so convinced this book will enable you to have more fun and cut your score, it makes this offer: Try the book for 4 weekends, a month. If your score doesn't drop according to the chart in the coupon—return the book and owe nothing. Otherwise, keep it for only \$4.95 plus small shipping charge. To take advantage of this opportunity, simply mail coupon below. (Or buy a copy at your bookstore or pro shop.)



☐ Please send me a copy of *Take a Tip From Me* for one month. If it doesn't cut my score as shown at right, I'll return it and pay nothing. Otherwise, I'll keep it and send you \$4.95 plus shipping.

☐ Send me *My 55 Ways to Lower Your Golf Score*, also by Jack Nicklaus \$4.95. Same guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you enclose payment in full. Then we pay all postage. Same return privilege. Please include sales tax.

GUARANTEE

	If You Now Score	In a Month You'll Score
120	108	
105	95	
97	89	
85	79	
78	75	

SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. 71, 430 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10020



What's wrong? You used to make calls till way past 5.

You know what's wrong. The spark has gone out of the job. A sure sign you need a change — and now's the right time. Good sales and marketing men have never been in greater demand.

The challenges are there. And we know where they are. We're called Sales Consultants, the recognized leader in finding good sales and marketing positions.

We're the only national source in the business with nearly 30 offices in key markets from coast-to-coast.

And we're the only sales personnel company with account executives who specialize in specific industries.

So dial your "Information" operator right now and ask for the number of the nearest Sales Consultants office.

We want your last call of the day to be your best.

SALES *Consultants*

Placing salesmen is our only business.

offices: Akron Baltimore Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland (2) Denver Detroit Grand Rapids Indianapolis Kansas City Los Angeles Memphis Minneapolis Newark New York City
(Meridian) Phoenix St. Louis Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Paul San Francisco Washington D.C. and Caracas (Venezuela)

SCORECARD *continued*

sational" changes, even though the record for the mile has dropped only 2.9 seconds since 1890 (Buckpasser holds the current record, 1:32.5). "Drugs will do it," Noerns says. "Why, right now they are feeding horses Dianabol, which often results in faster performances. You can buy it at the neighborhood chemist and it is undetectable in tests." Dianabol is available in the U.S. only through a physician's prescription, but, generally speaking, it can be bought around the world by those who want it.

There appears no end to man's desire to achieve—by whatever means or method—and thus, it would seem, no unsurpassable limit.

NARCISSUS

A top high school basketball player in Ohio is not only being wooed heavily by major colleges, but obviously is prepared to sell himself. He has been entertaining coaches at his home by showing movies of himself in action so he can point out his best moves. What, no popcorn?

SONUS ARMY

In recent weeks disappointed college football players and their agents have been denouncing pro football teams for putting the squeeze on bonuses and salaries. "Last year prices were in an area that was fair and justified," says Agent Jim Morse. "But this year they are down 90 to 95% from 1966. Last year's top 50 players received, on the average, between \$50,000 and \$100,000. Kids in that category now are being offered \$2,500." Agents are also suggesting that the pro clubs are price-fixing, pointing out that players drafted in the same round are nearly all being offered the same terms.

Claude Humphrey of Tennessee A&I, a first-round Atlanta choice, has signed a contract without a no-cut clause. Prior to the merger of the AFL and NFL, it is contended, some 15th-round choices were receiving no-cut contracts. Few are given out now.

Alabama Quarterback Kenny Stabler, drafted in the second round by Oakland, did get a no-cut clause, but his bonus (about \$20,000) and his salary (about \$25,000) contrast sharply with the \$400,000 contract of Joe Namath, whose passing records Stabler shattered at Alabama. Because of the low offers, several of the brightest college football players are abandoning thoughts of pro football and leaning to other careers.

More factors than the merger are influencing the price structure. Some teams are heavily loaded with no-cut players signed in the earlier heyday (San Diego reportedly has 26). Others are determined to correct the absurd system that had bonus rookies earning far more than established players.

Most club officials admit rookie bonuses and salaries are down, but only Cleveland's Art Modell will reveal by how much. "I can't speak for other clubs," Modell says, "but our offers are off 20 to 25% from last year. That's about the same decrease as the year before. We've got to get back to some level of normalcy."

The issue is, of course, what is normalcy? Both sides are undoubtedly overstating their cases. But management can hardly afford to take the self-satisfied attitude of, for example, Vic Schwenk, the director of player personnel for the New Orleans Saints, who declares, "We're not concerned that most of our top choices haven't signed. Sooner or later, the boys will have to come to us." This sign-here-boy or go-to-hell (or Canada) philosophy could lead to a long run of dissatisfied athletes; more important, it could cause a hard look by the government at pro football's antitrust law position.

The days of football teams exploiting young players are over. And the days of untried rookies exploiting pro teams are over, too. Look for a few months of tough bargaining and angry words, followed by a lot of quiet signings at perfectly fair figures as football, at last, finds its "level of normalcy."

THEY SAID IT

- Cora Alcendor, after her son Lew gave her one of the nets almost bombed off the basket in UCLA's victory in the NCAA championship game: "It was such a great night. I think I'm going to have this net made into a turban."
- Fred Taylor, on Ohio State's 80-66 loss in the NCAA semifinal game to North Carolina: "They called us the Cinderella team, and we played like we were going to turn into a pumpkin."
- Bobby Hull, after a puck careened off the bone in his foot that has been hurting for weeks: "If I owned a duck, it would drown."
- Joe DeMaggio, asked what he calls his fishing boat: "The Yankee Clipper. What else?"

END

BEEFEATER BEEFEATER

First name for
the martini.



Got enough ball?

Get the most from any shot, any club, any swing in your game — you'll never know how good you are until you play Maxfli. Sold only by golf professionals.

 **DUNLOP**

Everything in the world of golf starts and ends

1
maxfli


Have a blast.

Brut now comes in an aerosol spray.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.



Brut® After Shave.
After anything.

A GUESS-AGAIN DERBY

Every week the cast of leading characters for Churchill Downs changes. The results of last week's major prisms in California and Florida added a few new candidates, while still others lurk in the wings by WHITNEY TOWER

On racing fronts 3,000 miles apart, the traditional runnings of the Santa Anita and Florida derbies last week were supposed to eliminate much of the fancy guesswork for the May 4 Kentucky Derby. Instead, from a reasonably clear focus, the view of Churchill Downs flipped wildly to a panorama of new names and new faces that should inspire one of the fiercest Derby guessing games in many a year.

First, at Florida's Gulfstream Park, Peter Kissel's Iron Ruler, sent off as the 3-to-5 choice over six rivals, was soundly trounced by Calumet Farm's Forward Pass. On the same afternoon, in California, William H. Perry's undefeated Dewan ran third as Charles Englehard's Alley Fighter, also conditioned by Dewan's trainer, Jim Maloney, came in first. He was two lengths ahead of Don B., with Dewan another length back. All three probably deserve a trip to Louisville, as do Forward Pass and Iron Ruler. Both races, on fast strips, were run in the poor time of 1:49 for the mile-and-an-eighth distance, which is one furlong less than they will be asked to go in Kentucky.

The 31st Santa Anita Derby actually turned out to be a rather mediocre show put on by horses who should have done better. Everyone knew that Prince Pablo would take the lead from the gate—which he did. But nobody seemed certain of who would elect to run with him for the first part of the race. That tactic, which would probably kill off any finishing thrust Prince Pablo might have, would also eliminate any winning chance

for the other horse. As it turned out, long shot Skookum assumed the role, and it resulted in Prince Pablo fading at the far turn. He finished fifth, beaten a little over six lengths. Skookum was eighth.

Meanwhile, jockey Laffit Pincay Jr. had Alley Fighter in the fourth spot. He put his mount's nose in front for the first time midway around the far turn, as both Don B. and Dewan moved up to challenge, and the prospects for a tight three- or four-horse finish were still high. Don B., a tough son of Flect Nasrallah, and Dewan were expected to put the issue squarely to Alley Fighter. Neither did, and the son of Florida's leading stallion, Rough'n Tumble, coasted home effortlessly Behind Dewan the order was Proper Proof, Prince Pablo, American Tiger, Chris, Skookum, Glory Hallelujah and Poktax.

Only Dewan may have had a legitimate excuse. "The ground broke from under him leaving the gate," said Maloney. "He stumbled right there. Going by the stands the first time he was in a bad position and didn't seem to have much chance to improve it. He's never been that far back—eighth—and I think he lost whatever chance he had. On the other hand he is still green, and if he's O.K. during the next few days I believe he'll go to Kentucky along with everyone else." "Everyone else," of course, includes Alley Fighter, whom Englehard picked up in Florida for a paltry \$91,000 in January 1967 from Joe O'Farrell's Ocala Stud Farm. Englehard, the New Jersey mining executive who races in ev-

ery country where they put up a tote board, has spent more than \$5 million during the last half dozen years to build up his Thoroughbred holdings. His American trainer is MacKenzie Miller, who found out how the other half races when he took Assagai to Paris in the summer of 1966. Mack Miller usually ships all the Englehard stock to winter in Aiken, S.C., but last fall he casually asked his good friends and golfing companions, Bill Perry and Jim Maloney, if they would take two of his colts to Santa Anita with the regular Perry string. Sure, said Perry, assuming that Miller was about to send him a couple of aspiring older grass horses. But one of them was a colt called Jig Time and the other was Alley Fighter. "My God," exclaimed Perry as he watched last week's Santa Anita Derby post parade, "if I thought Mack Miller was going to unload a couple of Derby-age colts on my trainer—to run against my own horses—I hate to tell you what I would have told him."

Maloney, Perry's private trainer, is now the most embarrassed man ever to win a \$100,000 race. Alley Fighter, he says, "picked up weight and condition during the last month or so, and he really didn't need too much work. He thrives on easy training, so much so that I handled him more like a filly than a colt. Off his race today—and he's still improving—I'd have to give him a shot at the Kentucky Derby."

Whatever Alley Fighter does from now on will not be the concern of Perry or Maloney. "I saddled him for the last time today," said Maloney, who continued

Turning home, Alley Fighter has Don B. to his right, Dewan on the outside (top), with prospects of a close race. But he was alone at the wire.





has now won about \$400,000 in purses for his "two" owners this year. "Alley Fighter leaves in the morning to join Mack Miller at Keeneland," Bill Perry, who picked up \$15,000 for Dewan's third-place finish, didn't offer much or a smile as he watched the colt go down to his first defeat. Finally he struggled to his feet, managed a sporting grin and said, "You do a couple of good friends a favor—friends like Charlie Englehard and Mack Miller—and then see what happens to you! It doesn't seem right, does it?"

If both of Saturday's derbies produced surprises, the five horses that showed best in them are not the only ones to be considered seriously as potential winners at Churchill Downs. Some others will be heard from shortly, while a few that were once thought of as prime candidates are now doubtful starters or out of it. Wise Exchange, a shinsoe veteran of 26 races, will run in anything that Trainer Hirsch Jacobs can pitch him up for, but all the baling wire available may not hold the colt together for another month. Vitriolic, Ogden Phipps's 2-year-old champion of last season, is going to Kentucky after all, but for a knee operation instead of an outing at Churchill Downs. Cut and knocked about in Hialeah's Everglades, Vitriolic, whose sparkling 1967 record of six victories in 13 races made him the early Derby winter-book favorite, may be out of action for the entire year.

Maryland-based Clever Foot has been doing nothing but winning lately, but he has yet to go beyond seven furlongs. Warner Jones's Princequillo colt, Go Marching, handled by Horasio Luro, has shown that he prefers running over grass rather than dirt. Jones, a member of the Churchill Downs board of directors, would love to win the big one before the home folks, but Luro will probably persuade him that Go Marching, who cost \$210,000, is not a Derby colt. "I'll be it," joked Jones's longtime friend, Bull Hancock. "Then I have a Triple Crown winner of my own. My Round Table colt, Link, broke his maiden by four lengths at Gulfstream last week. If he looks that good next time out, at Keeneland on April 9, we'd have to start taking his Derby chances seriously."

Also on hand at Keeneland's usually

A COUNTRY BOY UPSTAGES THE ELEPHANTS

One of the oddly garish trademarks of Florida Derby day at Gulfstream Park, the tasteful, flower-becked track outside Miami, is the plethora of oooohs, aaahs and yuks that the management crams into the hour or so before the racing starts. Such as a fashion show (oooh). And water skiers rooster-tailing over the track's infield lake (aaah). And an exotic race involving some odd species—camels or ostriches or buffaloes or, as it was this year, small (1,000-pounds-plus) elephants (yuk). Such attractions would hardly seem necessary to kick off a \$100,000-added stakes race, yet this year it seemed just possible that an elephant run might be as meaningful as the feature race itself, for Gulfstream was stricken with that special 1968 malaise of 3-year-olds: mediocrity. "This," said morose Ed McKinney, Gulfstream's racing secretary, "is the weakest field I can remember here."

Early last week it was also one of the smallest, with five horses. October House Farm's Iron Ruler, who has finished out of the money only once in 15 starts, Calumet Farm's occasionally wobbly Forward Pass, winner of both the Hibiscus and the Everglades at Hialeah; Michael G. Phipps' Master Bold, an early speedster with little stamina; Mac-Conn Farm's Mara Lark, who finished 10th in a field of 13 in Gulfstream's Fountain of Youth two weeks ago; and Amco Stable's Perfect Tan. Through some astounded cooing by phone, Gulfstream executives did lure two more horses into the gate at midweek—Dominic Guilino's aptly named colt, Limited Class, and Coventry Rock Stable's Trouble Brewing, who was so anonymous that people at the secretary's office kept calling him "Tough Brewing" or "Tough Going." Each paid \$5,000 in supplementary fees—"the only time in history the sup-

plementary was worth more than the horse," cracked one observer.

So there were seven horses by body count, but no one who counted class could see more than two—Iron Ruler and Forward Pass. With a first starter like Master Bold in the field, the strategy for Forward Pass's jockey, Don Brumfield, was to lay back in second or third for a while. He was properly in third soon after the start, but the pace was surprisingly slow and Brumfield took the lead. Meanwhile, Angel Cordero Jr. aboard favored Iron Ruler held steadily and confidently just off Forward Pass's pace. Swinging into the far turn, Forward Pass had just over a length on Iron Ruler. But as they rounded into the stretch, Cordero made his move. It seemed perfectly timed. Iron Ruler went in front by a neck and seemed fresh enough to open up the untempered lead each everyone expected.

Suddenly Brumfield switched to left-hand whipping, his Forward Pass four or five times—and it was as if he had pumped raw energy into the horse. Instead of faltering, he drove with enormous power down the stretch and won by 2½ lengths. It was a two-horse race, all right. The rest of the field limped in deep in the dust.

Although the triumph doesn't mean that Forward Pass is cured of his on-again-off-again habits, his jockey has another view. Said Brumfield, who rode Kusan King to victory in the 1966 Kentucky Derby, "He's not the temperamental guy everyone thinks. He's like a big ol' country boy who just wants to run."

Whatever that ol' country boy does from now on, he should at least be remembered—and maybe honored—for having upstaged the Florida Derby elephants when everyone said it couldn't be done.

—WILLIAM JOHNSON

delightful spring meeting will be Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's Captain's Gig, who upset Vitriolic in last fall's Futurity. He was rested for much of the winter in South Carolina and at least will come up to the classics fresh. This has not always proved to be an advantage, but it is also the route chosen for C. V. Whitney's Garden State winner Bugged. Whitney may have two runners in Kentucky. At Santa Anita his Sword Dancer colt, Gleaming Sword, skipped the local derby, but he won on the same

card and may have earned a trip to Louisville. Bugged may head for the bourbon country after being tested in next week's one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct and in the Wood Memorial. Still not to be counted out entirely are T. V. Commercial, also bound for Keeneland after a disappointing California season, and Kentucky Sherry, winner of the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans. In or out of this group may lurk the Derby champion. It is that kind of a racing year.

END

Calumet's hope for its first Kentucky Derby winner since Tim Tam. Forward Pass stands with Don Brumfield in Gulfstream's winner's circle



INDIANA WINS THE BIG ONE BIG

The Hoosiers threatened often enough in the past, but not until last week did they take an NCAA swimming title. The key to victory was a superb backstroker named Charlie Hickcox **by TOM C. BRODY**

There were three things you used to be able to count on at the NCAA swimming and diving championships. Records would fall all over the place. Indiana would come on with a team that was unbeatable. And Indiana would lose—to Stanford, to Yale, to Southern California, to Vassar, if it came to that. One way or another, the Hoosiers would find a way to blow it.

Well, you can still count on records falling, and Indiana came to the NCAA meet last week in Dartmouth's pool at Hanover, N.H. with another one of those powerhouses. But forget the rest of it. Not only did Indiana win the championship—its first NCAA swim title—it won it more thoroughly than anyone ever has, scoring a record 346 points,

or 93 points more than Yale's strong team earned in finishing second. As for those West Coast teams, favored USC and defending champion Stanford, a strange thing happened: The West sank slowly in the East.

The difference between this Indiana squad and those of the past was really not very great. The swimmers might have been a shade faster; the Hoosier divers were as strong as they always are. But add to that the name of Charles Hickcox. There you have the difference.

Hickcox, a tall, lean, intense fellow with deep-set eyes, set an American record while qualifying for the 200-yard individual medley finals on Thursday and then broke it again as he won the final that night. Friday night he won the 100-

yard backstroke and tied the record he had set that afternoon. Saturday he entered the 200-yard backstroke and won that by nearly two seconds. After each win he bobbed up out of the pool, fist clenched, jaw set and fire in his eyes. He not only won his races, he aroused the entire Indiana team. Swimmers who thought they were only good found they were much better than good and suddenly great hunks of time were falling off old standards and unknown Hoosiers were winning or finishing right up there with the most glaglorious names in swimdrom.

Bryan Bateman is a case in point. Considered the sprinter least likely to make life uneasy for UCLA's phenomenal Zac Zorn, Bateman managed to cut nearly

Record-breaking sprinter Zac Zorn (center) gets jump in each race with explosive start
STUART SMITH

half a second off his best time in a 50-yard freestyle trial, which barely earned him a chance to swim off against Stanford's Morgan Manning for a place in the finals. Bateman trounced Manning, got into the finals and, with a superlative effort, had Zorn grabbing frantically at the touchplate to keep the Hoosier out of first place.

Then the divers caught the Hickcox fire. Indiana always has fine divers, mostly because Hobie Billingsley is far and away the best collegiate coach in the country. But where most people were conceding Indiana 60 points in the one- and three-meter events, Billingsley's acrobats picked up more than 90 (the first 12 places in each swimming and diving event earned points). And so Indiana's head coach, Doc Counsellman, finally went home with the championship after 11 years of near misses, including a couple of times when Indiana was on probation and ineligible to compete.

Not that Indiana had a monopoly on heroics. In fact, there were so many great deeds performed in the Dartmouth pool by swimmers from all over the place that a sound with a futuristic note was struck. You could not really hear it, of course—that ghostly clanging of gold and silver and bronze medals. Why, they probably haven't even been forged yet. But after three days it was obvious that in Mexico this fall a lot of that outgoing U.S. gold will come flowing back—around the necks of American swimmers.

How those records did tumble. Consider, for instance, the Stanford 800-yard freestyle relay team. Stanford bettered the record it had set last year and still finished behind Southern California, which finished behind Yale. It was that kind of meet. Swimming records are complex—for example, NCAA races do not conform to the precise distances in meters or yards that are acceptable for world-record recognition—but all sorts of them were broken.

UCLA's team came to Dartmouth with the best fans, a few muddling swimmers and two that were not muddling at all. Zac Zorn, who swims the shortest races faster than anyone in the world ever has, and Mike Burton, who swims the longest races faster. Zorn has the

continued



Indiana's Charlie Hickcox won three individual races and was the top performer in the meet. PHOTODISC

height—6' 3"—which is the way the good swimmers are built these days. "There is no doubt that Zac has natural speed," says UCLA Coach Bob Horn, "and he works hard for more." Like 7,000 yards every day. When Zorn gets up on the blocks before a race he is *ready*. He is also likely to get sick on the spot if the starter dailies before sending the field on its way. But once Zorn hears the gun, he is gone. No one is sure exactly what happens. There is a blur, a splash, and suddenly there's this white wake boiling along the lane that just keeps going and going and going for 50 or 100 yards. Then Zorn climbs out of the pool and collapses. At Dartmouth he did a 50 that would have made any swimmer—any other swimmer—blushing proud, but Zorn was disappointed. He had only tied the record he shares with Steve Clark, and tying records is not what Zorn has in mind. That became evident when he bolted off on the opening leg of the 400-yard freestyle relay and completed the fastest unrecorded 100 ever—45.4. Bob Horn had told the judges that Zorn was going for the record and please won't you have the required three judges timing him? Oh, sure. But there were only two judges, and there went the record. "Boy, was I mad," said Zorn.

He was so mad, in fact, that he torpedoed through the 100-yard freestyle qualifying heat as if that missing judge was waiting for him at the finish line with his head in the water. Zorn got to the finish in 45.3, which was better than the night before, and thus time it struck.

The long man in UCLA's two-man aquatic extravaganza is Mike Burton, who is only 5' 9", which is about a half foot less than what it's supposed to take to win races this season. And Burton should not be swimming at all. At 13 he was perched on the handlebars of a friend's bike when they made direct contact with an oncoming truck. Thus ends the athletic career of Michael Burton, said the doctors, who were very happy that the little fellow was still alive.

A year later Burton entered a swimming program in home-town Arden Hills, Calif., and the doctors were delighted. "It's great for getting a crippled leg to working again," they told him. Serious competition swimming wasn't even considered. Yet, a few years later, as a sophomore at UCLA, Burton broke the 1,650-yard record in the National Indoor AAU meet with 16:27.3. Later he broke that record again, and smashed it beyond belief, taking 19 seconds off it. At Dartmouth, Burton

expected a fairly casual time in his specialty, something around 16:15. Strictly fun. Most swimmers look at 1,650 yards—66 monotonous lengths of the 25-yard pool—with the same enthusiasm they would a letter from the U.S. Government that starts "Greetings." But Burton enjoys it.

So off he went, light of heart, briskly, but with nothing more in mind than first place and a sound base for the forthcoming AAU meet, where he did want to go all out for a record. Then it happened. "I just tried to keep my arms turning," he said afterwards. Unaccountably, he kept turning them so fast that he was completing each 50-yard lap under 30 seconds, a record pace. Another thing Burton had not taken into account was the noise an excited swimming crowd generates when it senses something extraordinary happening. The noise started slowly but kept growing in intensity until, at about lap 40, all hell started to break loose. "Every time I pushed off the wall," Burton said, "it got louder. It sent cold shivers down my spine. I just responded."

Responded is not the word for it. With 50 yards left, after 1,600 yards with not one lap done in anything more than 30 seconds, Burton sprinted. He did those

Mike Burton, mouth agape, gasps for air after stunning performance in greeting 1,650.



Three top swimmers, Don Schollander, Greg



last 50 yards in 27 seconds and finished with the first 1,650 swum in less than 16 minutes (15:59.4 to be exact). On the way Burton had broken the 1,000-yard record by eight seconds (9:39.1). And then he swam a victory lap.

Records are treasured by the crowd, of course, but lots of other things were going on at Dartmouth that had the fans up off their seats. Yale's Don Schollander, the old graybeard of swimming, won his first NCAA championship, all-time and the NCAA's 16 rule had prevented the man generally conceded to be the best swimmer of all time from winning one before. But he came home first this time in "his baby," the 200-yard freestyle. He also swam a magnificent anchor 100 to give Yale the 400-yard freestyle relay.

And there were two boys from the University of Texas at Arlington—Doug Russell, who kept bouncing off walls head first, and Dick Nesbit—who went alone against the giants and swam off with 56 points.

But the man who kept everybody on a continuous state of agitation was Charlie Hickcox, whose course toward a world-class swimmer status seemed inevitable from the day when, as a 13-year-old, he approached the coach of a swimming

club in Phoenix with his sister Mary Sue. "I'll take the girl," said the coach, "but that boy is too skinny. Get lost, kid."

So the skinny kid naturally got lost in the first pool he could find, to emerge some years later with a flock of age-group victories and not a few invitations to visit good college swimming coaches on campus. Still, Indiana's Doc Counsilman had no idea when he first saw Hickcox that this was the man who was going to win him his first NCAA championship. "He was good," says Counsilman, "but he was so raw. His turns were agonizing. I thought he'd kill himself going into the wall. But he worked, I'll tell you. After about two months, I guess he started believing in me."

Last year Hickcox established himself as a fine all-round swimmer and a particularly strong backstroke. He showed fine promise in the individual medley, except for the breaststroke leg, where what might have been a great race inevitably would turn into a horror show in slow motion. Last January, Counsilman handed Hickcox a most unusual contraption—a pair of them, in fact—each consisting of two pieces of wood stuck together at an angle and with a shoe nailed on top. Hickcox had to walk around in them. "Those things looked

like a crocodile with its mouth open," Charlie says. "I didn't like the looks of them at all, but if Doc tells you it's good for you, you can bet it's good for you." What the things were supposed to do was stretch the Achilles tendon. It is Counsilman's theory that it is the tight tendon that keeps a swimmer from getting the proper leg kick in the breaststroke.

Hickcox took nightly walks with his crocodiles up and down the halls, a procedure that provoked either hilarious comment from his fraternity brothers or deeply suspicious looks. "I've got this tight Achilles tendon, you see," Hickcox would tell anyone who would listen.

That there is something to be said for the device is perfectly obvious, but the ultimate results even surprised Counsilman. "When Charlie finished that swim," said Doc after Hickcox' record-breaking individual medley last week, "I looked down at my watch, blinked and nearly fell in the pool."

He might as well have, because that is exactly where he ended up anyway. Throwing the coach in the pool is traditional practice for NCAA champions. "That's one bath the coach will never forget," said Charlie Hickcox. **END**

Charlie and Burton, arm side by side in 800-yard freestyle.



Delighted Henries give Coach Doc Counsilman traditional victory dunking.



THE COAST'S CRAZY DREAMERS

As Stanley Cup hockey begins, Los Angeles' brash new Kings, led by money goalie Terry Sawchuk, have this silly idea that they might win the cup itself. For that matter, so do Boston's angry Bruins **by PETE AXTHELM**

Terry Sawchuk, the mercenary goaltender who has been known to shun reporters and friends even after his most triumphant games, talked freely and cheerfully with everyone who came near his locker in the Los Angeles Kings' dressing room. Coach Red Kelly ventured as close to profanity as he ever does, shouting, "You guys played a *lung* of a game." Owner Jack Kent Cooke rushed around the room congratulating his players and muttering, "I never doubted that my boys could do it."

What the Kings (see cover) had done was trounce the Philadelphia Flyers 4-2 to move into a tie for the lead in the West Division of the National Hockey League. Within a few days they were to drop back into second as the Flyers, although dispossessed from their home arena for their final seven home games, held on to win the division title. But for one giddy evening, a week before the end of the regular season, Cooke and the Kings acted as if they had already become NHL champions. The only thing missing from the scene was the large silver Stanley Cup, filled with champagne, and Cooke was brash enough to suggest that his team could win that ancient trophy, too.

The idea that one of the new clubs might win the Stanley Cup in this initial season of expansion should, of course, sound ridiculous. As play begins this week all four of the East Division contenders are obviously better teams than any of the expansion clubs. Not one West team managed to finish the regular schedule with a .500 record (the Flyers were .492). And anyone who has watched the Kings stumble helplessly against teams like Minnesota and St. Louis during the season would have to laugh at the suggestion that Los Angeles might upset a power like Mon-

tréal in a seven-game series with the Stanley Cup at stake.

Yet the Kings *do* have an outside chance to win the cup, and that possibility, however remote it may seem, is one of the most intriguing aspects of the playoffs. No one can claim that Los Angeles has a solid, consistent or even a very good team. But Stanley Cups are seldom won by solid, consistent play, and sometimes they are not won by superior teams. They are won on brilliant efforts in a few key games—especially brilliant efforts by goaltenders. Last year the Toronto Maple Leafs lost 10 straight games during midseason and showed glaring weaknesses. Then they took the cup—because they rose to the occasion and received sensational goaltending from Sawchuk and Johnny Bower. The Kings have lost as many as eight straight in a very erratic season, and their weaknesses are even more striking than were those of the Leafs. But they, too, have shown an ability to rise to occasions—and now they are the team with Terry Sawchuk.

The NHL's controversial playoff schedule enhances the possibility of an upset by an expansion club. Instead of setting up interdivisional playoffs, the league decided that East and West would have separate playoffs, with the two survivors meeting in the final. The playoffs in the East promise to be highly competitive and extremely rough. Even if they lose, big, strong teams like the New York Rangers and Boston Bruins will surely leave many bruises on anyone who beats them. The East winners may be battered and exhausted going into the finals, and they will have difficulty avoiding at least a vague feeling that a series with Philadelphia or Los Angeles is an anticlimax. The West challengers may be in somewhat better shape, and they

will have no trouble at all getting up for the final. They will also have the advantage of opening the series on home ice. Even with these factors going for them, the expansion winners will need a lot of luck to achieve an upset; but then, luck has been known to play a part in hockey games.

If any expansion team can accomplish all this, it is probably Los Angeles. Kelly, the rookie coach, clearly learned a lot while playing for Punch Imlach, that master psychologist who goaded the Maple Leafs to four cups in 10 years before his aging team finally fell apart and missed the playoffs this season. Kelly has had his inconsistent players at their best against established opponents, and the Kings compiled a respectable 10-12-2 record against East teams, in contrast, Philadelphia was only 8-15-1 in inter-division play.

In recent weeks the Kings had two games they felt they had to win. One was in New York against the streaking Rangers, the other at home against the Flyers with the lead at stake. Los Angeles won them both. The Kings also managed to blow many games that they had figured to win, but the fact remains that they won the biggest ones. "The players are getting over some of the feelings of inferiority they may have had," Kelly says. "They're forgetting that they were once a bunch of individuals who played against one another in the minors and are finally playing as a team. They're beginning to understand what winning means."

It would be hard for them to forget what a Stanley Cup can bring. Kelly has posted a huge sign on the dressing room wall in the Forum, explaining: "What First Place and the Playoffs Mean to You." The sign lists the various league bonuses for winning, the total comes to



Masked marvel Sawchuk is "disposable" goalie with years of winning playoff experience.

\$9,750 a man. "That's an awful lot of money," says Bill White, who has become the team's best defenseman after five years in the minors at Springfield. "In the American League the most bonus money we could hope for was something like \$1,700."

"Some of us haven't made that much in a whole season before," adds Bob Wall. "It's a hell of an incentive."

"The money is a big part of it," Kelly says. "But these guys have another kind of spirit going for them. Don't forget, the fans are really getting behind them, and that's a big help." Playing on a temporary home rink in Long Beach and in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, the Kings attracted little support through the first half of the season. But since Cooke's Forum—by far the best of the new NHL arenas—opened three months ago, crowds have gotten larger and much louder. Paid attendance in the Forum has averaged almost 10,000 a game, bringing the Kings' season average up to about 7,000 and averting serious trouble for the franchise. "The fans are getting to know what they're watching," says Forward Ted Irvine. "It's even nice to hear them get on our backs when we play badly. At least they're showing that they care."

Irvine, a 6' 2", 195-pound left wing with great promise, could be an important factor in the playoffs. His fortunes throughout his rookie year have closely paralleled those of his team. He started fast, suffered through a terrible midseason slump, then began scoring again in the final weeks. "My legs started to feel weak after the first few months," he says. "Then I got depressed and everything seemed to go wrong. I guess that happened to a lot of us, but we finally snapped out of it. I think there's a great feeling on this club now, because we all have to do our part. There are no superstars except Ukey, and he doesn't act like one."

No matter how he acts, "Ukey"—Terrence Gordon Sawchuk, who may be the greatest goalie in NHL history—is the key to Los Angeles' hopes. The Kings' offense, led by Fiddle Joyal and Bill Flett, is the best in the West, but the defense has given up more goals than any other expansion team. Even if they play fairly well, the defensemen will make mistakes.

continued

Sawchuk will have to make up for most of them.

Terry has had a spotty season. Drafted from Toronto and signed to a huge contract, he was expected to be the mainstay of his young team. But he ran into a series of injuries that often plague 38-year-old men trying to play a boy's game and lost the first-string job to rookie Wayne Rutledge. Not a public-relations genius to begin with, Sawchuk also managed to alienate almost everyone he met in his new home city. He snapped short answers at journalists and coldly refused interviews at a time when the Kings needed all the publicity they could get. In Toronto his friends were attuned to his low-key sense of humor and his fiery moods; in Los Angeles people thought he was nastier than he was droll, and few were heartbroken when Rutledge took over the goaltending.

But Kelly, who played with Sawchuk on championship clubs in Detroit and Toronto, knew what his goalie was undergoing. Terry has no special fondness for hockey; he is in it for the money. But he is too proud to accept a bad season—or even a bad game—with resignation. Kelly understood this; he also knew that Sawchuk would do everything possible to be at his best, mentally and physical-

ly, when the most money was on the line. Ukey played only 25 of the Kings' first 60 games, but through the final weeks he has played all but two of 14 and has gotten sharper with each game. In the recent 4-3 victory over New York—a game that might have been the biggest of the season for Los Angeles—Sawchuk stopped 34 shots and left Ranger Coach Emile Francis, an ex-goalie himself, shaking his head. "He's still amazing," Emile said after the game. "He may have been as good tonight as he was last spring."

"Goaltending can be the whole story in the playoffs," says Punch Imlach. "I don't think L.A. can give Ukey enough help to go all the way, but I've seen a lot crazier things happen than that."

Sawchuk himself laughed when someone suggested that he was coming up to the playoffs the way he did a year ago. "I haven't even thought of that," he said. "The fact is, I'm finally in good shape. That's all there is to it."

To even approach the wild possibility of a Stanley Cup, the Kings must get past Minnesota in the first round. This will not be easy; the North Stars have troubled Los Angeles all year. The Kings were not pleased when St. Louis swept the season's last two games from Minne-

sota to take over third place. If they had held third, the North Stars would have been forced to meet Philadelphia in the first series. They won only three of 10 games with the Flyers this season, against the Kings they were 6-2-2.

Coch Wren Blair has done a fine job with the North Stars, holding the club together after the crushing death of Bill Masterton and a series of injuries. Blair did not succeed by coddling his men. "I drove the hell out of this team," he says. His discipline helped make Cesare Maniago into a good goalie and Wayne Connelly into the West's top goal-scorer. It also enabled Blair to reclaim high-liver Parker MacDonald, 34, whose lack of attention to hockey had apparently finished his NHL career. But the Kings can beat the North Stars—if they skate tirelessly and shoot often.

Philadelphia enters the playoffs after a remarkable late-season performance. When part of the roof blew off the Spectrum on March 1, the team management lost seven expected sellouts that would have kept the franchise healthy, and the players lost the home-ice advantage that could have kept them in a comfortable lead. The Flyers transferred "home" games to New York and Toronto, then settled on Quebec City, where their top farm team plays. The move to Quebec may have saved first place. Eight of the 18 Flyers had once played for the Quebec Aces; a few, like rookie Andre Lacros, were local heroes. "Morale was pretty low," said one player. "But the fans in Quebec gave us a lift." However, the Flyers joined in the general slump of top teams last week and edged the Kings for the title by just one point.

The Flyers are back in the Spectrum for the playoffs, and they should have little trouble with St. Louis. The Blues are a close-checking, well-drilled team with a tremendous goalie, Glenn Hall. Under most circumstances, they would be a team that could excel in playoff games. But they have drawn the wrong opponent; the Blues have not beaten Philadelphia all season, and probably won't begin now.

A Flyer-King series would match Philadelphia's vastly superior defense against L.A.'s strong offense. It would also test the Flyers' fine young goalies, Bernie Parent and Doug Favell, against Sawchuk and possibly Rutledge. When Parent played in Boston there were rumors that

continued



Bobby Orr (center) and the Bruins—scoring last week on New York—could upset Montreal.



We have our pick of distinguished wine grapes



And we mean our pick. Our pick of Johannisberg Riesling. Or Gamay Beaujolais. Or Gewürztraminer. Or any of the distinguished varietal wine grapes. Because they all prosper to our own high standards of perfection . . . on our own vineyards: Pucines Mountain Vineyards.

Here, in the cool, green grandeur of California's Gabilan Range, Almadén maintains the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes. Here, ideal soil, climate, elevation and care consistently create a superb difference in our grapes. A difference imparted . . . through patience and skill . . . to every Almadén wine.

So remember to make your next dinner party one to remember. Serve Almadén. Whatever type you choose, you'll be serving the pick of distinguished table wines.

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-3, Los Gatos, California



We built an airline for professional travellers.

American can't forget a request for dinner or a dinner of baby food.

We own the world's biggest business computer, just for remembering.

It remembers a businessman's order for chili instead of the regular main course. It remembers salt-free diets and kosher meals, too.

Of course we didn't build this computer

for babies. We built it for professional travellers—businessmen who buy up to fifty plane tickets a year.

We go all out for customers like them.

For them we flew the first fan-jets. Built the first Stewardess College. Were the first to check bags at the curb. To introduce the air credit card. To seat everyone within five rows of a movie screen.

In fact, we baby them.

Just as we do all our passengers, whether they're on their first flight or their hundred-and-first.

On American Airlines, everyone gets the full professional treatment.

That's the American Way.

American Airlines

he was not at his best under pressure. Favell may turn out to be the better clutch player, but he too is inexperienced in playoffs. The Flyers are a better team than the Kings, and they are young enough to expect years of high finishes in the West. But they may not be good enough to handle the Kings this spring.

The Montreal Canadiens, easy winners of the East Division, are logical favorites to win the cup. Team leader Jean Beliveau had one of his finest years at the age of 36; Worsley, 38, teamed with Rogatzen Vachon, 22, to win the Vezina Trophy for the best goaltending.

Boston, however, can upset the Canadiens. The Bruins are bigger and stronger, and they are angry. They realize that a blunder by a goal judge in their 5-4 defeat by New York last week may have cost them not only a goal they deserved but also second place in the standings—and a much easier playoff matchup with Chicago. The Bruins have proved a point to themselves by staying in contention despite an injury

to Bobby Orr, the 20-year-old defenseman who was thought to be irreplaceable. "Of course we missed Bobby," says Coach Harry Sinden. "Nobody really replaces a guy like him. But we got great effort from everyone else on the club. Now these guys know they're good—even without Bobby." With Orr back for the playoffs, the Bruins feel they can win, and they will if they hit the Canadiens' fast skaters before they can get going—and if Grealie Gerry Cheevers, another unknown playoff quantity, has a good series.

The well-balanced Rangers managed to finish second despite the scoring collapse of their two stars, Rod Gilbert and Jean Ratelle, in the final dozen games. This feat alone makes New York a solid choice over the Black Hawks, who would drop right out of the league if their two stars, Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, ever stopped scoring. Mikita is one of the most dogged competitors in the game, and he alone could spark the Hawks to an upset. If Hull should go

on a sudden streak, he too could carry the team. But, as usual, the Hawks seem to be asking too much of their leaders. They should lose to the Rangers while Phil Esposito and Fred Stanfield, two key men they traded away, help Boston beat Montreal—and then New York.

Finally, in May, long after an ice-hockey season should be over, the East winner will finish what everyone expects to be an anticlimactic rout of the West champion. But if it doesn't turn out that way, the finals will be dramatic indeed. The new teams won 40 and tied 18 of the 144 interdivision games and were seldom embarrassed by lopsided losses. The Kings, of course, are the most dramatic example of how wrong many people were about the expansion clubs. "Now," says Cooke, "if we can just win the Stanley Cup, we'll be the biggest sports story of the year." He paused, perhaps realizing how incredible the idea sounded, and concluded: "And even if we don't win it, we're already the biggest story in hockey." **END**



Roamers

Step into the winner's circle with this bold and bawny hand-sewn® bag. A tasseled beauty that will keep you in front of the fashion pack with its spunky styling and rich grained leather.



For store nearest you: White Sebago-Mac, Department 51, Westbrook, Maine.

NEW CHALLENGERS FOR THE OLD MASTERS

Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus will be, as always, the favorites at Augusta next week, but their grip on the tournament is threatened by a fresh wave of contenders

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

Now comes the Masters, and before the championship even begins, the hegemony of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus is finally under serious dispute. Gary Brewer broke their string of victories last year with some stirring and visceral golf in the critical moments, but that had all the earmarks of an astral phenomenon. Soon after, Palmer and Nicklaus went on to dominate the ranks as usual.

A look at the standings of this winter's golf tour, which is considered at an end when the Masters arrives, demonstrates the startling realignment in golf's pecking order. Up front is Tom Weiskopf, never before better than 27th on the list of money winners. He is followed in turn by George Knudson, a frail Canadian whose best previous standing was 29th, and a perky young Englishman named Tony Jacklin. Not far astern are George Archer, a somber Californian who looks like a refugee from a basketball court; bespectacled Kentuckian Frank Beard and Bert Yancoy, who led the Masters last year until

the final round. Mixed in among these are such madcareer (and beyond) war-horses as Julius Beeres, Billy Casper, Al Geiberger, Dan Sikes, Gardner Dickinson and Dave Marr, all of whom have been giving the younger sprouts a ruzzle.

Meanwhile, where do we find Palmer and Nicklaus? Thirteenth and 15th on the money list, that's where. Gary Player, that sometime member of the old *irreguvinat*, joined the tour only recently and though he has been playing well, he has not won. Not since 1965, as a matter of fact.

There are three prevalent theories about the Masters as a barometer of the golfing climate. One has it that a Masters victory tells you little since the Augusta National course is tailored for the long ball and the right-to-left hitters, thus explaining the Palmer-Nicklaus monopoly of recent years. Another attitude is that a Masters victory is faint, because some of the lesser touring pros are left off the invitation list to make room for leading amateurs and foreigners. The third viewpoint, which I pre-

fer, is that the Augusta National is a course of such sophisticated design that only the best and most versatile golfer of the moment, impervious to the most intense pressure, can prevail through the full 72-hole test. Why else would it be that in 11 of the last 13 years the Masters champion was either first or second on the money-winning list for the entire year?

With that in mind, one must look toward Weiskopf among those who are most likely to end the Palmer-Nicklaus era at Augusta and, so to speak, put an exclamation mark after Brewer's 1967 victory. For one who is now in only his fourth year as a touring pro, Weiskopf is a very complete golfer. Like most of the young men who join the tour nowadays, he can hit the ball out of sight—as far if not farther than his fellow Buckeye, Nicklaus. Yet it is only since he has learned to harness his power and think, rather than blast, his way around a course that Tom has begun to realize a return on his talents.

After a rather hesitant start in California this winter, Weiskopf won his first PGA championship at San Diego in mid-February by sinking an eagle putt from off the green on the 72nd hole. Picking up the pace in Florida a month later, he finished second by a stroke to Gardner Dickinson at Doral and second again by the same margin to Dan Sikes the following week at Orlando.

Winning at the Masters is another question entirely, and, searching for part of the answer, Weiskopf skipped the Pensacola tournament two weeks ago to try the Augusta National, where he had never played before. "I loved it," was his verdict. "They talk about it being a hooker's course, but that's only for the short hitters. I feel if I just hit the ball straight I'll be all right, because I drive the ball high enough and far enough to get the good fairway positions." Tom found he could reach all the 5-pars in two shots—except the second against the wind—and in most cases hit medium irons to the greens. On the longer 4-pars he was hitting medium to short irons for his second shots. That alone gives him an enormous advantage over almost everyone but Nicklaus. "The way I look at it," he concluded, "if I can just keep my patience and play shot by shot I ought to do well. The odds are

very much against my winning, but I'm really excited just to be playing."

Patience, however, is notably lacking in Weiskopf's golfing armory. When things are going well, Tom emits a most engaging, Midwestern country-boyish charm. If a shot comes off badly, a black cloud of gloom descends. If he messes up a tournament, as he did when a poor shot on the final hole at Doral spoiled his chance to catch Dickson, he can be almost psychotic. His interview in the press room afterward ("I'll never play here again . . . worst galleries I ever saw . . .") was extremely embarrassing. There alone is the flaw that could hurt him under Masters pressure.

George Knudson's temperament, like his golf game, is the polar opposite of Weiskopf's. Short and skunky, he seems scarcely strong enough to drive a golf cart, and his approach to the game is almost casual. George's shots, when they are going well, are precise and beautifully struck, and with his new aluminum shafts he hits some of the crispest irons on the tour. He is not a long hitter, so the second shots at Augusta National may put a little too much pressure on his game unless he can chip and putt miraculously for four straight days. He has proved, though, that he can win against the best, not just by his rare back-to-back victories at Phoenix and Tucson this winter but at the Canada Cup in 1966 and New Orleans last year.

Then there is Tony Jacklin, whom some of his countrymen pick to be the best English golfer since Henry Cotton. Through one recent stretch in Florida, Tony played nine straight tournament rounds under 70 and at Jacksonville last week he became the first Briton ever to win a PGA tournament. He is a splendid putter, and his fine performance at last year's Masters proved the all-round soundness of his game. There is a tough cockiness to this handsome, curly-headed young Briton that has been woefully lacking among his countrymen who have fully attempted the U.S. tournaments in recent years.

Among the youthful contenders, Archer is the most puzzling. Despite his 6' 6", he has never been a long driver, or even very straight, and his long to middle irons are erratic, so put it gently. But around the green there has seldom been anyone like him. A 6-footer is a tap-in,

and someone once said, "If he could putt for Nicklaus they would shoot in the 50s." Professional golfers like to belittle the great putters, but if George could not hit the other shots he would not have won two tournaments in the last year. And putting is a very large part of the game on Augusta's huge, rolling greens. Resting at home on the California ranch for his defense at Greensboro, Archer was facing the big event calmly.

"I've measured the Masters course," he declared, "and in three practice rounds just before the tournament I can learn as much as I need to know. Knowing the course is one thing. The trick is doing what you know you have to do. Right now I feel very confident of my chances. If it's my week, I can win it."

And what of those two past masters of Augusta, the men who will be uppermost in everyone's thoughts when the gun goes off on Thursday morning? Considering who they are, Palmer and Nicklaus this year have been far off form. True, Arnold finished second at Los Angeles, won at Palm Springs and was in contention until midway through the final round at Jacksonville, but in five other starts he has been 19th or worse. Jack has had a third, fifth and eighth, but at Phoenix he missed the cut and almost missed it again at Jacksonville.

Yet Jacksonville may have been the turning point for both. After a disappointing opening round there, Palmer went out to the practice tee and started hitting some drives. "My timing is off," he had been saying, "and I'm having trouble with my concentration. I'm hitting the ball all over the place." Pretty soon Nicklaus, who had had an even worse round, came along and watched.

"How do you expect to hit the ball like that?" he asked Palmer. "You're lined up all wrong." Sore enough, Palmer's stance had been opening up through the weeks, and he had been grafting correction on correction in his swing. When Nicklaus started hitting drives, Palmer watched and said, "You're doing just what I did."

The next day Palmer's 65 and Nicklaus' 30 on the back nine reflected their mutual discovery. Presumably the improvement would continue, but the Masters was no longer a foregone conclusion. A new generation and the remnants of an older one loomed forbiddingly.



Weiskopf (above) has the power to win at Augusta, while Knudson has the attitude.



CONTINUED

THE AUGUSTA WAY



A photograph showing three flags on poles in the foreground. From left to right, they are the Canadian flag, the United States flag, and the Union Jack. The flags are set against a backdrop of a large, dense tree with green leaves. A bright light source, possibly the sun, is positioned behind the tree on the left, creating a strong lens flare that cuts across the upper portion of the image. The scene appears to be outdoors, possibly at a formal event or ceremony.

MASTERS

← HOLE →
← PAR →

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100





Touches of distinction are everywhere at Augusta National, from the silver tea service given to the winner of the par-3 tournament, to the limousine—being dusted in the driveway by Chauffeur Johnny Milton—that is always available for the use of members, to the club's seven "cabins." Shown here is the living room of the Eisenhower Cabin at a moment when everybody is outdoors because there is action on the course, as the television shows. Below is the umbrella-shaded clubhouse lawn in late afternoon, and Clifford Roberts walking up an azalea-bordered pathway toward the cabins.

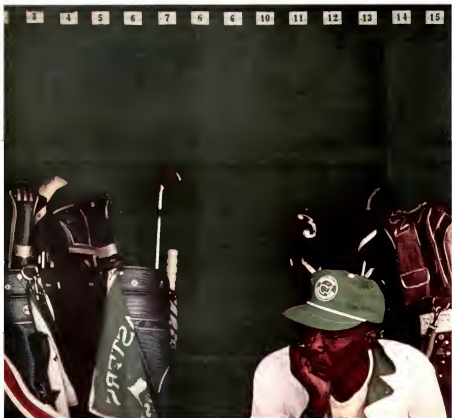






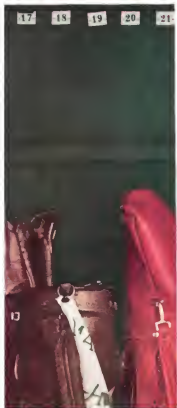
For the players, the rewards of a Masters invitation are many. At far left is one of several Steuben glass prizes and a rack of the champions' green coats, which are only worn on such occasions as the Masters Club Dinner (below, center), the most elite meal in golf, where last year the defending champion and host, Jack Nicklaus, was flanked by Bobby Jones and Tournament Chairman Roberts, with Ben Hogan and Sam Snead in the foreground. At left, with Jones' clubs as a backdrop, a tournament-day buffet is set. Below, Bert Yancey and Julius Boros relax over a snack in the Upper Grill Room.







Certain outdoor scenes emphasize still other unusual dimensions of the Masters spectacle: the permanent trophy (far left) which is on display near the first tee, the club's famed wistaria, as seen through a TV camera, English Newsman Leonard Crawley, one of a press corps that makes this the most fully covered of all tournaments, Caddie "Fireball" Franklin, who had a winner in his first Masters—Doug Ford in '57—but hasn't hit since, and golf's ubiquitous George Low ("I'm everybody's guest"), lighting the veranda in flaming red







WHERE CEREMONY RULES

BY DAN JENKINS

The end comes. First, the awards presentation, with former champion Nicklaus, runner-up Bobby Nichols and winner Gay Brewer seated at one side, Jones and Roberts at the other, and the trophies between them, including the silver bas relief that goes to the winner. And last, a sight that officials won't let television show, trash encircling the 18th green. In moments it will be picked up and Augusta National will be immaculate again,

Each year that this thing called the Masters Tournament reemerges as such a scented and luxuriant success, it strengthens the notion that God must have been a two-handicapper from Georgia. At least it encourages the legend of how it all seems to get started every spring: either Bohhy Jones or Clifford Roberts, who co-founded the tournament 34 years ago, goes outside the Augusta National clubhouse upon a certain divine morning in April, does a *verruuca* with one of those green blazers and, all at once, wonders occur. Grandiloquent pines rise up. Acres of emerald turf appear. Obedient servants begin stirring around. And suddenly great swarms of happy people are encircling Arnold Palmer, who happens to be threshing about in a million or so fresh-blooming azaleas.

But the Masters does not happen quite like this, of course. It evolved painstakingly, year by year since 1934, building its traditions, its distinctions and its own unwritten history. It was caressed, loved, patted and prodded into shape until it finally bloomed as the most glorious scene that golf has to offer. Because it grew slowly and mellowed quietly, there is much to the Masters—and Augusta National—that goes unseen by the swarming galleries, and even unappreciated by the players, who are the people this particular tournament was made for.

Subtle sounds and sudden glimpses help reveal this hidden Masters. It might be the clinking of ice in a cocktail glass as a green-jacketed member moves through the white portals and multicolored umbrellas on the terrace, or a quick look toward a row of cottages along the 10th fairway, with the knowledge that one of them was built for a President. It might be the way the sun drifts through the dark row of magnolias on the avenue leading up to the clubhouse entrance, or Valerie Hogan sitting on the lawn with a handful of cables and letters of congratulation for Ben. It could be a gathering of caddies, lounging in a fenced-off yard, weary from trudging over the course's valleys and too tired to play pool at the table provided for them in the caddie house, or the clacking of typewriters from inside the massive Quonset hut that serves the press. It might be nothing more than the glow of the club at night during a private dinner of the past champions, or something as remarkably simple as a hand-lettered sign on a swinging door leading from the kitchen into a dining area called the Trophy Room where Jones's clubs are displayed on a wall, a sign that advises the waiters: "Please talk just a little louder than a whisper." Perhaps, most of all, it is a devastating orderliness and a Southern loyalty that almost hurls you back to the veranda at Twelve Oaks where the Tarleton twins are giggling with Scarlett O'Hara.

A behind-the-scenes look at the Masters can well begin with the man who put up the sign to the kitchen help, Bowman Milligan, the club steward. Bowman is a big fellow with a smudge of gray at his temples and a baritone voice who has probably heard his name called out more than anyone in the history of Augusta National. But unrattled and dutiful, he maintains the carriage and aplomb of one who has spent a lifetime catering to millionaires. Primarily, Bowman is in charge of hiring and overseeing the Negro employees at the club—the waiters, bartenders, chauffeurs, maids and others. But if during Masters week

continued

Claude Harmon cannot get a glass of iced tea fast enough, or if Ben Hogan does not like the look of the lettuce on his sandwich, a holler of "Bowman!" is heard, and somehow Bowman is always nearby. "I work from can't to can't," he says of Masters week. "I try to rise to the occasion. My main job is remembering—trying to remember everything there is to be done."

Bowman, whose father was a groundskeeper on the Harry Payne Whitney estate in Aiken, S.C., came to Augusta National in 1930, before the golf course was built. He cooked, washed dishes and shined shoes for Roberts and Jones and began to learn the things that have to be remembered for a Masters (there is now a 67-page notebook of single-spaced printed instructions called a Masters Tournament Checklist that spells out literally thousands of details of club operation during tournament time). At one point Bowman even earned himself some personal prestige by managing Beau Jack, an Augusta National shoeshine boy who fought his way to the world lightweight championship. In the old days, it is said, battle royals were staged in the ballrooms of the Ben Air Hotel for Augusta National people, affairs in which five boxers were in the ring at once, and there Bowman's Beau Jack reportedly won many a fight that does not show on his record.

Today Bowman gets into the spotlight, too, but in a different way. He is official custodian of the green coat, that cherished piece of either gabardine or Palm Beach fabric (the player gets his choice) that goes to the Masters champion. Those who have witnessed a prizegiving at the 18th green after a Masters may have wondered about the identity of the Negro gentleman in the dark suit, the one who marched, almost to an imaginary drum roll, from the clubhouse out to the course, carrying the green jacket and handing it to the past champion who, in ceremonial turn, slipped it on the new champion. It is Bowman Milligan who carries the coat.

"This is my favorite part of the Masters," says Bowman. "I like to take the coat out and see the new champion crowned."

Augusta National did not invent the idea of wearing blazers, even green ones, but it did start the custom of presenting one to its champion back in 1949, a ceremony that some other tournaments since have copied. However, in the case of the Masters, the champion may leave town, but the green coat rarely does. All the green coats are stored in lockers under the care of a houseman named William Tillman. There is an unwritten rule that the coats of the past champions and those of members are to be worn only at the club. No one knows exactly what would happen if a man walked into "21" wearing his Masters

coat and Cliff Roberts were there, but one hates to guess.

The green coat and the winner's check for \$20,000 or so are the most publicized of Augusta's rewards to the golfers, but there are many, many others. The champion receives a sterling-silver replica mounted on pine of the permanent Masters trophy. The permanent trophy is just that, permanent, principally because no one could lift it. Made in England of 900 separate pieces of sterling, it weighs some 125 pounds. The winner also gets a gold medal, a silver cigarette box and, finally, a year later at the dinner for the champions, a gold locket (Carter) made like a book, with the club symbol—a map of the U.S. with a flagpin where Augusta might be—on the front and a photo of Bobby Jones on the inside of the back cover.

Augusta National gives away almost as many prizes as

it serves than steak sandwiches on toast, a basic part of the club menu that Jimmy Demaret once described as "the back nine of Bowman's cuisine." The pro runner-up gets a medal, the low amateur and runner-up get medals, each day's low scorer gets a Steuben crystal vase, the maker of a hole in one gets a Steuben vase, the maker of an eagle gets a Steuben highball glass, the winner of the Wednesday par-3 tournament gets a silver tea service (Reed and Barton, Hampton Court design) or 12 Wedgwood bone-china plates decorated with an etching of the clubhouse, the par-3 runner-up gets one piece of a tea service or two plates, the third-place finisher gets two plates and anyone who scores a hole in one in the par-3 event gets six plates. There is one other prize for the competitors that may be tougher to win than the championship. The newest addition to the award list, it is a giant Steuben bowl given for scoring a double eagle. There have only been two—Gene Sarazen's back in 1935 at the 15th hole and Bruce Devlin's last year at the 8th hole. Devlin's led to the establishment of the prize.

In addition to all of the above, the Masters gives away to hundreds of officials, volunteer workers, players' wives and members of the press some different kind of remembrance every year. Almost every idea for a gift has been exhausted, but Cliff Roberts always hopes to better an ashtray, a billfold, a card case, a tool kit or whatever. It must be something green—Masters green—and monogrammed. Those are the only requirements.

One of the reasons why the Masters comes off so beautifully, no doubt, is the presence of all of the volunteer workers, who labor for a green billfold under a total of 22 committee chairmen. The personnel on these committees rarely changes. For instance, it takes 140 men to operate the scoreboards and bulletin boards, but last year there was a turnover of only five people. Of the 125 men signed

continued



Bowman always carries the coat

Dr. Wireman with wife, Kate, and children, Cary and Emily, left, at office in Milwaukee from which he's helped build a growing family investment.



PHOTO BY STEPHEN REISER

DR. BILLY O. WIREMAN, Vice President, Management, Forthill Presbyterian College, St. Augustine.

“CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE AND FREEDOM TO ACT— LIFE INSURANCE GIVES ME BOTH”

For Dr. Wireman or any man, making progress financially calls for risk. Risk of time, effort and money. ☐ And it's here so many men find a special advantage in life insurance.

By relieving them of concern for the family's future, it frees them to act boldly, grab opportunities, invest with an easy mind. ☐ As it protects, life insurance also earns money. Dividends and cash value increases create a growing fund for loans,

emergencies—even retirement. Getting the most out of life insurance requires getting it at the lowest net cost. Here, NML—Northwestern Mutual Life—is always a leader. NML

NML

has the best story you'll ever hear, and what's more, the NML man tells it beautifully. Ask him. Just say that you'd like to hear the NML "Success Presentation." It could lead to a new life.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE—MILWAUKEE.



AUTOMATIC "FREE STRIPPING" FLY REELS

Compare these features with any other automatic fly reel. You, too, will "Pick a Perrine."

- Choice of 6 models from \$7.95 to \$14.50
- Strip line faster than any other automatic fly reel
- No winding of spring during fishing, just strip the line
- No increased brake resistance when stripping
- Long spring retrieves up to 30 feet
- All models packed in re-usable styrofoam box
- All models fully guaranteed

"PICK A PERRINE" TODAY

at tackle counters everywhere



No tools needed for quick breakdown and cleaning. For FREE attractive full color folder showing complete line of Perrine Fly Reels, Fly and Spin Boxes, write to—

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.

620 South 8th Street • Minneapolis 4, Minnesota

COLLEGE STUDENTS: EARN MONEY

Sell TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on campus. Liberal commissions. Write for details: Time Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



Very concentrated for the breath.

THE MASTERS *continued*

up by the Gallery Guards Committee, there will be only 10 working next week who were not working last year. The waiting list for such jobs is formidable. The volunteers are rarely Augusta National members—indeed most of them will never even get to play the course—but their loyalty and affection for the Masters seem limitless.

In a quite different way, one Augusta National member has made a considerable contribution to the Masters. That is Dwight D. Eisenhower. The former President has given the tournament a lift that would be impossible to over-estimate and prestige it could not otherwise have achieved. For example, several cottages—"cabins" is what they are officially called, and a club employee remembers how confused he was at first when he walked around trying to find anything that looked like a cabin—seemed to have been sitting over in the woods by the 10th hole for years, but not until 1952 when some anonymous members built one for Eisenhower, which they first named "Mame's Cabin," did cottage row become a tourist attraction for Masters spectators. It is an attraction seen only from the outside, needless to say.

There are seven cottages in all. Besides Eisenhower's and Jones's, there is Tennessee, built by a group of members from Tennessee; Firestone, which was certainly not built by Goodyear; Peck, built by a late member named Burton Peck and now owned in part by John Hay Whitney, one called Butler, the latest, built by member Thomas Butler and three friends, and one unexcitingly named Duplex, which consists of four compact, identical apartments that were originally used by the club to house guests when clubhouse space was full.

The cabins all appear to be small as one gazes at them from, say the 10th tee, which is about as close as nonresidents ever get. Inside they are large, however, for they tumble off down a hill in the rear. Butler, the new one has eight bedrooms on three levels, each with a bath. No one would ever, really, want to sneak into Butler cottage for a look around. It is, naturally, the Eisenhower cottage that attracts the gallery's attention. It is golf's equivalent of the LBJ Ranch.

Eisenhower's cottage is three-storied, with the basement available for Secret

Service men, Eisenhower's cook-orderly and Mame's maid. On the main floor is Mame's all-pink bedroom, a dressing room and bath suite, a living room with card tables, a spare suite just like Mame's, a screened-in porch and a butler's pantry. Over a fireplace hangs a painting by Ike of the 16th hole. Eisenhower's bedroom is on the second floor along with a small office, a large paneled sitting room with more card tables and another bedroom suite. The walls are adorned with photographs of Mame (dated from 1911 to 1928), pictures of houses the Eisenhowers have lived in at various Army posts, five Remington prints and an oil by Ike of his grandson David, Naturally, David is in a golfing stance.

One of the most interesting things about the cottages is that ownership does not mean exclusive use, even by Eisenhower. Any of the club's accommodations are available to any member and his wife. This includes the cottages and five suites in the clubhouse. During Masters week another group is also eligible to live at the club amateur participants in the tournament.

The amateur's felicity at Augusta, which certainly harkens back to Bobby Jones, is shown in another way. The week of the tournament three dinners are given for competitors. There is the one for the previous champions, which is held on Tuesday night, and one for the foreign golfers in the field on Wednesday night. But first of all, on Monday night, is a dinner given by the club for the amateur participants.

Of these occasions, and, indeed, of all the things from Ike's cottage to Bowman's eminence, nothing typifies the hidden Masters any better than the dinner for past winners, a tradition started in 1932 by Ben Hogan. No gathering in golf can rival it. On Tuesday night, April 9, they will be meeting again in the Lower Grill Room at Augusta National—Hogan, Snead, Sarazen, Nelson, Palmer, Nicklaus and all the rest, along with Bobby Jones and Clifford Roberts. But nobody else. Absolutely nobody. This is, after all, how the Masters started, a little get-together for Bobby and his friends. A fine wine will be selected—usually a 1945 or '47 Chateau Lafite-Rothschild. Gay Brewer, who as host must also pick up the tab this year, will be responsible for the menu, and like as not out will come the strip steak again, hash

continued

1968: a vintage year for Wide-Tracking.

In 1959, when our band of engineering experts introduced Wide-Tracking, a good portion of the nation's eyebrows lifted in skepticism. But here it is 1968. And Wide-Tracking makes ordinary cars seem even more so by comparison.

This year, Pontiacs, like that long, luxurious Bonneville below, ride more quietly, more comfortably, more smoothly than ever before. Our habit of introducing revolutionary firsts continues with the world's first

bumper that you have to kick to believe. (It's standard equipment on this year's Car of the Year, the GTO.) And our reputation for building great road machines is enhanced every time one of the five Pontiac Firebirds is sent into motion. Which is often.

So when you add it all up, there's really no doubt that '68 Pontiacs will be talked about for years to come. And lucky you. You can own one without paying classic car prices. Just visit your Pontiac dealer.

Pontiac Motor Division



Wide-Track  Pontiacs



VAN HEUSEN dares to explore new paths in pullover styles. But takes no chances with comfort, coolness or dependability. Insures all three by tailoring these new knits in cotton—fresh, easy going, washable cotton that breathes when you breathe, moves when you move. Left: Dock-sider Coordinate—Stripe Crew in natural with blue (as shown), maize, russet, toast; blue and maize with natural. About \$5.00. Right: Bouclé Nubby Knit—Cruiser Neck in natural with blue (as shown), maize, green, russet, toast. About \$6.00. Both in sizes small, medium, large, extra large. Available at better stores across the country. COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112

**YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS**



browns and those peaches that Cliff Roberts likes. "I think Roberts owns a lot of peach orchards instead of Wall Street," one of the champions joked a while back.

The evening will begin with cocktails and reunions, for some of the oldtimers will just have arrived, and a 30-minute business meeting of the Masters Club, during which a group photograph is taken, a process that shortens some tempers. Then comes the very carefully seated dinner; Hogan always in the same chair, a few others, for various reasons, always a safe distance apart. Everybody will discuss everybody's health and current activities, the defender will speak briefly and with consummate modesty about how he happened to win last year and, according to another ex-champion, no one has ever been able to prevent Sam Snead from telling a few hillbilly stories. Ultimately, the group will enter into a somewhat sacrilegious discussion of how the course and the tournament can still be improved. This bunker will have to go, one will say, that fairway will have to be narrowed, another will point out, this tee is too low, that one is too elevated—all of the talk being somewhat colored by personal experiences with the bunker, or what have you, involved. At some point it will certainly be mentioned, while Gary Player busily looks the other way, that there are too many foreign players in the field. It will be said that there seem to be too many amateurs. Contemplating the size of the dinner check, Gay Brewer may even decide that there are too many Masters champions.

Slowly the opinionated discussion will subside, the last bite of Nectar peach will be eaten with the last piece of Brie cheese and the group will move to the Upper Locker Room where Brewer gets his money's worth, because everybody watches a movie that shows him winning the Masters last year.

By 10 p.m. the bar is closing, the retired champions, with their thoughts of the past, are headed to the homes that they have rented for the week, and the younger champions with some real work ahead of them—Brewer, Nicklaus, Palmer, Player—are off to reflect on their private tensions, for tee-off time is near. The Augusta National clubhouse is now strangely quiet. Only Bowman and his people are moving through it—talking, of course, just above a whisper. **END**



pedwin
SHOES
for going places

YUMA! Brawny loafer that can't miss!
Most Pedwins are priced \$10.99 to \$15.99.
Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis **pedwin**



Thank You
CROSS
*Writing Instruments are
always appreciated*

From four-fifty to fifty dollars
each in Lustrous Chrome,
12 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold Filled
Sterling and Solid
14 Kt. Gold.

A. T. CROSS
AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1906
LTD. • 10000 QUINN COURT



COOCHEE COOS ANOTHER TUNE

Mudcat Grant, the man from Lacoochee, is all smiles now as he moves his act from Minnesota to Los Angeles and prepares for a big year pitching for the Dodgers and hoofing with the Kittens **by FRANK DEFORD**

In his poem, *Life*, which he recites to young audiences and, if there appears to be a demand for it, in his nightclub act, too, Mudcat Grant begins:

Life is like a game of baseball,
and you play it every day.
It isn't just the breaks you get,
but the kind of game you play.

The poem goes on from there, 56 lines in all. In it, Fear is pitching against you. Greed, Envy, Hatred and Defeat comprise the opposition infield. Carelessness, Waste, Selfishness and Jealousy are also starters on that team, with Discouragement and Falsehood forming a shallow but formidable bench. Luckily, God is calling balls and strikes and working the bases, too.

A lady from California once sued Mudcat for \$50,000, contending that Mudcat had plagiarized *Life* from her. Mudcat got, among others, some Catholic nuns to declare that they heard him reciting his poem in Minnesota long before the lady in California had ever written her poem. The suit was dismissed.

Score one for the home team, which has Religion at first base, Brotherhood at third, Ambition and Work in the pasture. Truth and Faith are "your key-stone men." Courage is the starting pitcher, Honor is on the bullpen and Love is in the dugout. It is interesting that along with such stalwart, lofty characters Mudcat has made a special point of inserting Humor in the lineup behind the plate. It is, he says, "important to the scheme." Mudcat keeps things very much in perspective, even about himself. For instance, the last time he

was traded he said philosophically, "Baseball players are like streetcars: they just come and go."

But this time, having been traded to the Dodgers at the age of 32, dogged by an uncertain knee and a 5-6 record last year in Minnesota, Mudcat is just standing on the mound, looking out over his shoulder.

Your centerfielder is very fast,
though small and hard to see.
So watch him, son, when he gets
the ball,
he's Opportunity.

Mudcat is watching his centerfielder very closely.

It has been generalized often enough and conveniently that Mudcat Grant is a very complex man. Closer to the truth, he seems to be a very consistent man, complicated only by the various environmental strains of time and subculture that tug at him from all sides. Basically, he is a man saturated with the solid qualities of his upbringing: Southern rural, Negro Baptist. But then he is also touched by all the other experiences of his life: baseball, show biz, public relations, Northern middle-class suburbia. Mudcat is always ahead of things. Of course, this can be very tricky if you are a Negro. You might get your head blown off being ahead of your time.

"I was in the NAACP before it was Camp," he said in his most famous quote of 1965, when he was the best pitcher in the American League and everybody was paying close attention to whatever he said. Now he is deeply, even tenderly, involved with the life of a small Midwest town that has not one Negro in its population. Mudcat is always ahead.

"I was wearing the long socks or even the pretty long socks with garters while everyone else was still wearing those short socks," he says. "I mean I was wearing long socks nine, 10 years ago, and everybody laughed at me for it."

Now Mudcat is thinking about getting two violins into his off-season act, Mudcat and the Kittens, to play rock 'n' roll. Violins for rock 'n' roll? This is something very new. Also, he is looking forward to pitching in Los Angeles this summer, because he knows that very big things can happen to him if he gets exposure in a big town like L.A.

"If I have the talent to do all the things people are always telling me I have the talent to do, Los Angeles has got to be the right place for me," he says. "I was going down with the Kittens to open in San Juan a few weeks ago, but the Dodgers asked me to wrap up the act and start working out early. Fine, fine. Early practice could be a blessing in disguise. A blessing in disguise. I win just a few games for the *Los Angeles* Dodgers, and I have to be worth even more with the Kittens in San Juan. A blessing in disguise."

Some people in baseball think Mudcat could have carried his name on anyway, even if he had spent his whole playing career in smaller places like Cleveland and Minneapolis-St. Paul. Somewhere, goes the thought, Grant may end up becoming the first Negro play-by-play announcer or one of the first Negro managers. Beyond that, who knows? Sidney Pottier can't play all the parts.

For Mudcat, ending up in Los Angeles is only a special bonus. Throwing his arms wide, he says he would have been delighted to have played with an

continued

IN TRAINING at Vero Beach, Grant is as happy with Dodgers as he was with Twins



**Jack
Nicklaus**

PAR BUSTIN'

SPECIAL

(but hurry!)

3 woods

8 irons

(a \$120 value)

**PLUS
FREE**

Pro-Styled

**GOLF
BAG**

All yours for only

\$99⁹⁵

Fabulous value. Get 1, 3 & 4 persimmon woods plus precision-matched wide-faced 2 through 9 irons. Handsome 8 1/2" expanded vinyl keystone bag features golf ball, clothing and accessory pockets. See this great matched set value plus other Jack Nicklaus Par Bustin' specials at your MacGregor dealer. Hurry. Supplies are limited.

MacGregor

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

CONSUMER DIVISION • BRUNSWICK CORP.
Dept. 5N408 3-15 41 Avenue Road,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45215

COOCHIEE'S NEW TUNE *continued*

expansion team in Meridian, Mass. If that meant escaping Minnesota. Life with the Twins grew progressively sour after his 21-7 1965 season, when Grant finished up with two World Series victories over the Dodgers—one of them clinched with his own monstrous home run. Last year the Twins, rife with racial antagonism and curious personality conflicts that superseded even usual simple discrimination, served as nothing but a jailhouse for Grant. He did not get along with the new manager, Cal Ermer, or the pitching coach, Early Wynn. For that matter, he grated on many of the same teammates with whom he had rolled back in victory two years before.

Shortstop Zoilo Versalles, the '65 MVP, whose descent into mediocrity and dissension parallels Grant's, and who was, with him, dispatched to the Dodgers over the winter, at least managed to direct most of his discontent toward Ermer. Grant sprayed his about almost indiscriminately so that, in the end, he was left with no one else to dislike except himself. To his credit, and even to his salvation, he did not spare himself when that option was left.

Grant does not like to consider that he must make a comeback. The word seems to rattle him. But he acknowledges the facts. The Dodgers have viewed him from the first as no more than an extra starter and as the long relief man, a position that has traditionally been accepted as the first way station on the trip to unconditional release—"so that you can make a deal on your own." Grant's legs have hobbled and disturbed him for two painful seasons, and he started only two games after Ermer became manager. Grant is really not so much coming back from a bad season as he is from a *de facto* retirement.

To effect a return he has been training diligently on the field and with weights to strengthen his legs. "I'll tell you," says Manager Walter Alston, "he's been working his tail off for us."

Unlike many hard throwers, Grant, who has a good changeup, does not have to go through a pitching change-of-life and pick up a new pitch. "A pitcher has to face it," he says. "Almost from the very first, you lose something every year you throw. If a pitcher says he is just as strong as last year, he is just a liar, baby. I know I can't run as fast as I did 10 years ago, so there's no reason to expect I can throw as fast. From the

time you get in this game you got to say, 'Every year I lose something here (he taps his bicep), I can make up for it here (finger to the head).'"

Johnny Sain, now the pitching coach at Detroit but Grant's mentor in his greatest season, offers his own example as a study in optimism. "Really, when you've had some success and then fallen back, it's hard to get going again in the same environment," Sain says. "When you've been on top with one club, it's hard to go to the bullpen and work your way back. The people you've been around just won't let you. When I went from the Braves to the Yankees it was a fresh start. I told 'em I'd relieve, start, do anything they wanted. It was a fine break for me, the same way it can be for Mudcat, because a pitcher has a little more advantage than a hitter in moving to another league. If he's a pitcher with a lot of craft, a lot of little extras, they'll have to see him several times before they get a line on him."

Grant is pleased with the comparison. "Fortunately," he says, "I don't have to depend on any one pitch each time. I have a very good fastball, a very good curve, a very good sinker and a very good razzafrazz." Some people listening in thought, as Mudcat grinned sheepishly, that he said spitter instead of razzafrazz. Whatever, Grant has always been able to adjust.

Now, in a striped turtle-neck and some sort of snappy white zippered jumper, Mudcat cuses the players' lounge at the Vero Beach training camp. He is drawing on a wooden-tipped cigar, in which he occasionally indulges himself, and examining the various games available on the premises. Mudcat is working at becoming a member of the Dodgers, and keeping up. "Hm-mm," he reckons as another page is announced, "that's three calls for Lefebvre tonight. Somebody is after him." He moseys over to the checkers table. Mudcat will play most any game. At checkers, he prefers the pool variety, an outlaw version in which the pieces can be jumped all over the board. He also likes Giveaway, where the idea is to lose your men first.

"Here's Mud," someone says.

"Game, Mud?" asks Mr. Newton, an older gentleman in a straw hat. Mr. Newton comes from the Washington area, but he visits Vero each spring to relax and watch the Dodgers and play them checkers. Mr. Newton has never lost a

continued



We have seventeen
other color
combinations
just in this
button-down
It's in King Cotton
Pharma-Bron
So it never
needs ironing
Sanforized
From the world's
biggest maker
of all kinds of shirts

**The Arrow
Company**

colorful
^
From Arrow,
the white shirt company.

The Contine

The most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of this



al Mark III.

eneration. From the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company.



Lifers!

WHEEL HORSE OWNERS ONCE—WHEEL HORSE OWNERS FOR LIFE

...Wheel Horse Lifers know they bought right and can trade right.



NEW 2-year warranty—first in the Lawn and Garden Tractor Industry.
NEW Charger Electro 12—finest Homechere tractor built; with NEW super-safe electromagnetic clutch, standard equipment and NEW finger-touch hydraulic attachment lift, standard equipment. **NEW automotive "won't scuff" finish.**
Let your Wheel Horse dealer show you these exciting new features today.

WHEEL HORSE LIFER BONUS PROMOTION—APRIL 1 - MAY 31

Visit your participating Wheel Horse dealer for the "Deal of your life"—and ask for your **FREE** copy of our **NEW** Grass Greeting Guide.

Get a Horse! Wheel Horse, of course!

WHEEL HORSE PRODUCTS, INC., 515 W. Ireland Rd., South Bend, Ind. 46814



See the full Wheel Horse line including the famous Red Riding and power mowers.

game of checkers to a Dodger. The closest was one time when Roy Hartsfield, the manager of the Spokane farm club, was ahead but ended up being able only to tie Mr. Newton.

"Regular checkers?" asks Mud.

"Regular," says Mr. Newton.

"He's tough," a kibitzer says.

"I know," Mud replies. "He's about the best." Mr. Newton is not to be taken lightly, that is for certain. As he explains, he has considerable strategy, featuring trying to keep his men in a triangle formation and trying to keep them on the vital "power spots." He takes an early lead. "I could play hunsomepool," Mud declares wistfully.

But wait. Suddenly Mud comes back and jumps two of Mr. Newton's men in one move and, not only that, now he is zipping right down past the power triangle and is only one jump away from getting the first king. "Go ahead, Mud," he craves, banging his fist on the table and almost clanging his diamond-cluster ring. Mr. Newton is shaken. "I'm infiltrating his system," Grant says. But, alas, experience tells. Mud loses the edge, and they are left, one king apiece, facing each other down. "A draw," says Mr. Newton, relieved. Mud agrees.

"That's as close as anyone on the Dodgers ever came to beating me," says Mr. Newton, a good sport. "You play a real good game. You should have beat me, Mud. You had me."

"Maybe I'll get you in some pool next time."

"O.K.," Mr. Newton agrees.

"I had him thinking anyway," Mudcat says, smiling with satisfaction. He smiles so easily, it is difficult to conceive of anger ever sitting on his brow. Indeed, it does take much to rile him, but that can happen, and sometimes does spectacularly. Grant, who has been in the majors for 10 years, is two weeks short of qualifying for a pension. He was suspended for that long several years ago after he stormed out of a bullpen during a heated dispute with a white coach, Ted Wilks, over the legitimacy of the last few words in the national anthem.

"Still," he says, "I never hated any man, never, ever hated any man—till last year. Then I got to hating just about everybody. I thought every white man was a . . ." and he rattles off several earthy words. "My mind was so perverted. I was crawling with hate."

He will give an account of the saga, but he would rather, he indicates, talk of his redemption, and he introduces this subject, as he sometimes will, with the diction of an announcer.

"I was so disappointed in myself," he says, "but I could not help myself. The people who did help me were my wife Tiny and Gabe Paul, the president of the Indians, who spoke to me citizen to citizen, and Don Newcombe and all of the people of the little town of Cherokee, Iowa, which I will discuss in detail later."

Mudcat, who has a variety of dialects, moves through most of them in the course of any conversation. There is, above all, historic Southern, which flows gently into the tinted jargon of musicians. But it can be changed suddenly, as when Mudcat begins to sound like a sports announcer. He will, for instance, often refer to himself as, "the pitcher of record," an infamous cliché that has never been fit for human tongue on or off the air. He also moves into the vernacular of what he calls "the show-biz world," as when he is talking about the appearances of Mudcat and the Kittens on Johnny Carson's show and other big-time national variety productions. When cataloging these appearances, Grant invariably identifies himself with those who also happened to be on the bill, with the chachi expression "worked with," as in, "On that show I worked with Leslie Uggams and George Jessel"; or, "Oh, yeah, that time I worked with Nancy Wilson and Barbara McNair."

Grant's move into entertainment, along with his potential for becoming an announcer or club official, makes him something of an original. Few other Negro baseball players—Jackie Robinson and Maury Wills are the most prominent exceptions—have ever managed, as white players routinely do, to use a playing career as a springboard to later success within or outside of the game. Negro baseball players generally have had to content themselves with settling for neighborhood celebrity status as liquor-store proprietors. Nor do many of the present group of Negro superstars give evidence of becoming long-term "personalities" in the world at large once their numbers have been ceremoniously retired. Of his contemporaries, Grant seems the one most likely to attain that lustrous, lasting stature.

The path James Timothy Grant Jr.

continued



THE ENTIRE GAME OF TENNIS HAS JUST BEEN IMPROVED . . .

NEW ASHAWAY Vantage II RACKET STRING IS RESPONSIBLE

Restring your racket now with VANTAGE II and watch what it does for your game.

Write for free VASSS Ruler Digest

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
Ashaway, R. I. 02804

EVERYONE IS BEAUTIFUL AT CAMP BINACA.



Very concentrated for the breath.

YOUR UNITED GIFT
makes someone happy



The name for **Field & Stream** came easy.

We named it after the arena.



the big

DATSUN

WINDOWS-UP FRESH AIR SYSTEM The quiet ride! Fresh air with closed windows, dust-free ventilation.

FULLY INDEPENDENT REAR SUSPENSION Soaks up bumps—ensures control. Sedan only.

NO-COST EXTRAS include bucket seats, vinyl interior, heater & defroster, windshield wipers, whitewalls & many more.

difference

96 H.P. OVERHEAD CAM ENGINE 114-hp. Outstanding power. Air-cooled. Gas economy.

SINGLE STRUT FRONT SUSPENSION Fine on twisting, plus Datsun Coil Comfort.

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION Silky smooth 3-speed (Optional Extra Cost). All synchromesh & 4-speed transmission standard.

CURVED CONTOUR BODY Longer, lower, wider outside—more room inside.

FRONT DISC BRAKES Safe, fade resistant.

all new... value car of the year!



*Price includes tax, D.M.T., local freight, & title.

A good deal from Sheaffer.

A buck gets you a Sheaffer \$1 Ballpoint and 49¢ Extra Refill. Nice pen. Nice deal. **SHEAFFER... MAKES YOU LOOK GOOD... IN WRITING.**

\$1.00 ballpoint
+ .49 refill
\$1.00 both



© 1968 W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, A **Extron** COMPANY

COOCHEE'S NEW TUNE *continued*

has followed upward, geographically as well as financially, has gone from the discrimination and abject poverty of the rural South to a handsome income and a comfortable residence in the North in Cleveland's suburban Shaker Heights. He may be said to be a prototype of the successful Negro of his generation. The Grant family now numbers two children—James Timothy III, who is almost 4, and Joy Jima, just turned one. They and Mrs. Grant will go out to Los Angeles for the balance of the summer once Mudcat is settled. Mrs. Grant is named Lucille, but everyone calls her Tiny, just as no one who knows him calls her husband Jim.

He is Mud most of the time, sometimes James, and occasionally, among old baseball friends, Coochee, for he was born in 1935 in Lacombee, Fla., a town of 1,700 located inland about 40 miles north of Tampa. There were three sisters before him, and he was a twin to a sister, Joanne. A brother Julius followed two years later, but James Grant Sr. died before his second son was born. Mrs. Grant, Viola, who is now 58, worked as a domestic and at Lacombee's citrus canning factory, which is known in the vernacular as the "juice plant."

The Grants' frame house lacked hot water, electric lights and toilets, and young James Jr. often had to study by kerosene lamp or, classically, from the light thrown off by the fire. "I remember the one morning very clearly," he says, "I was about 12 or 13, I guess. It was a big breakfast. Sometimes we were hungry, but we didn't know about it so it didn't matter. We ate possum. We ate coon. The whole bit. A lot of times we just had biscuits with syrup for breakfast. But this morning was a big breakfast. The biscuits were already done, I remember, and Mother was over the stove. We were just kids. We didn't know, we didn't realize how hard Mother was working. There were eggs she was cooking and sausage, and just all of a sudden she collapsed.

"Right on the stove. She fell on the stove and burned her face and arms, and then she fell to the floor. We ran for the doctor, and he came and he worked with her, and he told us that she was working too hard and had to slow down. But she couldn't. She went to work that day at the juice plant. That was when I knew I had to help out.

"I was 13—that's right, I had to be *continued*



What makes this shaft unique? Read on.

Arnold Palmer has just made all your golf clubs obsolete. Aren't you glad?

HE'S GONE and done it.

Arnold has just fomented the greatest improvement in golf clubs since steel replaced hickory.

It's the smooth-taper aluminum shaft golf club.

And it's probably the finest piece of golf equipment ever designed.

Arnold started with the "backbone" of the club—the shaft.

Using a high-strength Alcoa aluminum alloy developed for aerospace applications, he made it 30% lighter than comparable steel shafts.

The weight he saved from the shaft (where it does nothing) he put into the head, where it does plenty. You should be able to belt the ball 10 to 20 yards farther without changing your swing. (Or your swing weight.)

With the new smooth taper, golfers

are finding that head flutter is practically gone, and so is their tendency to hook and slice. The flex is uniform throughout the length of the club. The feel is beautifully alive.

Try them at your golf pro shop before everybody else does. You have nothing to lose but your handicap.

Arnold Palmer Golf Company
Chattanooga, Tennessee

SOLD BY GOLF PROFESSIONAL SHOPS ONLY
MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA BY CARPILL

Arnie's own.

With the new smooth aluminum shaft



© 1974 Arnold Palmer Golf Co.



Take it along. This Gant Sail-Striped Oxford button-down never has to be ironed. Added virtue—in the hottest clime it tenaciously holds its original, pressed-in look. Tailored with singular precision in a cool 50-50 blend of cotton and polyester. Trim tapered Hugger body. In rich-deep background colors—green, pumpkin or blue—all with contrasting multicolored stripes. About \$9.50 at discerning stores everywhere. **GANT**
SHIRTMAKERS
 For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.





They thought
Mansfields were great
on campus.

They still do.

Mansfields have a lot going for them. On or off campus. In or out of the business world. With a fashion look that makes a man feel that much ahead of the game.

But Mansfields have to have a lot more than just style. And they do. Choice materials superbly crafted. Flexibility and fine fit for all-day-into-night time comfort. Solid foot support and lasting long wear. At a price that doesn't hit you where it hurts.

When a shoe has that much going for it, it can easily become a habit.

MANSFIELDS

BY THE MAKERS OF BOSTONIAN

(Left) #1639; (Middle) #1637; (Right) #1635, in Black Brevit. Mansfield Shoes from \$15.95. (Slightly higher in West). Write for name of nearest dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Nine Devil regulars could have starred in the majors had there been no color bar. Thaddeus Black, Mudcat's uncle, was a shortstop who could make all the plays. Mudcat still feels that Plunk Kelly, the third baseman, was the best he ever saw at that position. There was James Oliver, the father of Nate (Pee-wee) Oliver, now in the San Francisco Giants' organization. Cooter Singleton was 6' 2" with shoulders about 48 inches wide, a 29-inch waist and some fastball. William Grant (no relation) had a curveball Mudcat compares to Camilo Pascual's at his prime. The Lacootee Nine Devils lost very few games.

James Grant, in fact, got few chances to pitch, for he wasn't good enough. He had to play first or third, and even that was hard to manage sometimes because his mother did not want him to play on Sundays and chased him off the porch with a broom the first time she heard that he had done so. The reason she heard was that he hit two home runs. Later, in fact, it was as a hitter that he got his first tryout with the Indians. (His World Series homer, incidentally, was the first by an American League pitcher since 1920.) When Frank Lane was bossing the Indians, he used to give a suit to any pitcher who could get two hits in a game. Mudcat got a lot of suits, even sometimes when he was not winning many games.

Grant has 117 major league wins. Through Lane's largesse and otherwise, he also has suits in abundance—if not 117, at least, he thinks, enough of them "to go about three weeks with a couple of changes a day and everything different." He has four tuxedos, a lavender suit, a red suit, a white suit, a powder-blue suit.

He also has sweaters in just about all the hues, and shoes and slacks and many other items of interesting color and fashion. Besides the long socks, Mudcat also pioneered "highboy" shirts. When he first showed up in one, the other players hooted and said: "Hey, you can't even be caught at a tennis match with that on." And now, of course, they are very big. Score one more for Mudcat, who is still ahead of the times.

Touring with Mudcat and the Kittens, Grant is forever shifting ensembles for his act. Usually, along about the third or fourth show in a place, he comes out in the stark-white mohair suit and starts off with the line about how the

White Knight got his clothes all right, but missed Grant altogether. (The audience is warmed up by the time Mudcat hits the stage anyway.) First his musicians—up to seven of them—begin, playing dance music and jazzier stuff, and then the Kittens, some very sexy girls in spare feline outfits, take over the stage to sing and dance and purr. Then Mudcat comes on. He sings—everything from show tunes to rock 'n' roll—and tells jokes and dances, and at last there is the finale with the whole troupe.

Mudcat is best, singing or joking, when he is working with the audience. He understands this and does not push the one-liners. "In the first place," he says, "I can't get risqué simply because of who I am. Besides, humor is not just buying up all the joke books and retelling them. Humor is taking advantage of something that happens and presenting it in the right way."

Maybe the funniest short bit he does is the most natural, and it developed simply because people are always asking pitchers what it is the manager says when he comes to the mound to talk to a pitcher in trouble.

"Managers always explain the situation to you and the catcher to show how smart they are," Mudcat begins, tugging the microphone wire after him as he walks around the stage talking to the audience. It is Baltimore or Cleveland or York, Pa., or it is the Holiday Inn in Groton, Conn., or it is Steelman's Steak House in Cherokee, Iowa.

"They point out everything to you, managers, like you can't possibly keep track of it yourself or like maybe you just dropped in from somewhere."

"Well, Mud," the manager says when he gets out to me, 'men on first and third.'

"Sure is, Sam," I say, just like it never occurred to me.

"And only one out, Mud," he says. " (Grant falls deeper into dialect as he tells any story.)

"Hmmm," I say. 'Yes, jes one out it is.'

"... and Al Kaline comin' up, Mud."

"Yes," I say, 'that sure looks like Mr. Kaline hisself movin' out of the on-deck ring.' That manager is right again.

"Course, I've spent this whole inning trying to figure out how I can get around Kaline, I been looking over there at him in the on-deck for the last five min-

continued

QUALITY in every price range

with a model
for every need

Bag Boy

The "world's favorite golf cart" for more than 25 years, Bag Boy is the quality cart that's loaded with perfect playing features. Three models—Master at \$39.95, City at \$34.95, and Special at only \$29.95



Clubster

club carrier
The favorite for golfers looking for a combination cart and bag. Quality features include: Chrome trim, 18 inch, wide, fashion colors and two matching models. Extra for \$4.95 and Clubster at \$44.95



Play Day

economy cart
The world's most economical golf cart, loaded with luxury cart features. Three great models—Cruiser at \$29.95, Deluxe for \$34.95 and Play Day at \$19.95

At leading golf and professional shops and sporting goods and department stores everywhere

JARMAN
Company

5675 Lake Road
Portland, Oregon 97222





Good times come easy and more often in a Beechcraft Musketeer

There's a lunker bass lounging near an old stump in a far-off lake. He could be mounted in your den, because that lake is many hours closer to home than it seems. The Beechcraft Musketeer lets busy people like you enjoy weekend fishing thrills in far-away places. It's the low price, low wing airplane with the high-performance, high-style Beechcraft way about it!

Toss your tackle into a Musketeer and turn a spare day or two into an exciting outdoor adventure. Flying your own Musketeer is just as much fun as taming that old "tackle buster."

Two-place Sport up to the family-sized Super, Musketeers ease in and out of short lakeside strips. Cruise speeds up to 150 mph and nonstop flights over 800 miles put plenty of shoreline in casting range.

And between fishing excursions, your Musketeer can subtract hours from business trips... hours you can add to leisure time.

The Beechcraft Musketeer is "the big one" in the low price range. Don't let it get away.



FREE! Write today for informative illustrated brochures on the Beechcraft 3 Musketeers, or other Beechcrafts. Address: Beech Aircraft Corporation, Marketing Services, 9759 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

If you're not a pilot yet, write for your free "Win Your Wings" booklet, a step-by-step guide to your Private Pilot's license. Tells what you learn, how you learn it, how to get started right.



Beech Aircraft Corporation, Wichita, Kansas 67201

uses jes wonderin' what in the world I can throw him. But the manager finally went and stood with his foot up on the top step of the dugout, which is what managers do either when they want to get smart or when they want to appear smart, so now he can come out to the mound and inform me that they as men on first and third, they is one out and I have got to pitch next to Al Kaline. That is what managers tell you when they come out to the mound."

The people laugh, and Mudcat starts to sing. He describes his own voice as "somewhere between a baritone and a tenor, depending on the song." A Minnesota entertainment critic, reviewing his act just after the glorious '65 season, described Grant as "unquestionably the best singer in the area to have won two World Series games this year."

Mudcat does a lot of dance numbers, too. He and the Kittens have their own special choreographer now. Often he will break off the singing and the hoofing and go into more patter. "So I say, 'Now look, Sam, I know I haven't ever thrown a slider, and you know it, and Earl sure knows it, but we are forgetting that there is also the element of surprise to contend with, and Mr. Mantle, standing there at the plate, does not know either that I have added a slider to my repertoire.'" Just when he says "repertoire" everybody at Steelman's Steak House in Cherokee, Iowa roars.

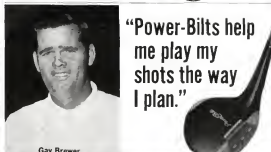
It was last November that Mudcat Grant came to Cherokee. He had never heard of the town before, but his agent said it was a good booking, so Mud took it and left for Sioux City, which is the jumping-off place for Cherokee. Mud was still mad. The Twins had not traded him yet, and the memories and the disappointments of the season just ended still hung heavily upon him. It was in that frame of mind that Mudcat discovered that there was not one single Negro living in Cherokee. "There were kids 6, 7, 8 years old who had never seen a Negro before in living color," Mud says. "I remember—it's funny the things they tell you when they don't know something—this one little boy was playing with me one day and climbing all over me and we were having just a great old time, and all of a sudden he just stopped and looked at me a minute, and then he told me my hands were dirty. Just my hands. He said my hands were dirty. That killed me. Then we

continued


Howard Johnson's designed a motor lodge for the man who travels on business.

For instance:
after a good night's rest, we've a great breakfast waiting for you in our restaurant.

Use your Texaco Credit Card when you stay with us. 



Gay Brewer

"Power-Bilts help me play my shots the way I plan."

Member Hillerich & Bradsby Golf Advisory Staff

All golfers get a real thrill from executing a well planned shot. How can Power-Bilts help you to do this? They're Master-Matched! Every club in a Power-Bilt set swings the same. There are no surprises, no distractions, between you and your planned shot. For better ball control ask your golf professional about Power-Bilts. Write for your free copy of the Power-Bilt Catalog in full color featuring "Why Engineered Golf Clubs Perform Better For You." Hillerich & Bradsby Co., P. O. Box 506, Louisville, Ky. 40201, Dept. SI-8.

With the help of your pro, Power-Bilts will help you too.

Master-Matched Power-Bilt Golf Clubs

Exclusively at your pro shop

Hillerich & Bradsby Co., P. O. Box 506, Louisville, Ky. 40201



FAT CATS

racing width tires from the pros at Pennsylvania

A special tire particular drivers choose to replace their original equipment. Drivers who take special pride in their cars right down to the rubber they roll on. Fat Cats are up to 2 full inches fatter for catlike traction and cornering. Extra low cord angles keep the Cats cool even at sizzling Sebring speeds. Trade-in your timid looking tires and turn loose a Fat Cat under your fender for a new dimension in driving fun. 4-ply double strength nylon cord. (Red or white stripes.)



PENNSYLVANIA
TURNPIKE TIRES

For FREE Reflective Fat Cat Eyes, write: Pennsylvania Tire Co., Box 377, Mansfield, Ohio

The racer's edge



at gasoline service
stations everywhere.

delightful
Frenchys
wonderful food

1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL TELEVISION AND RADIO BROADCASTING

Learn by doing Two Year Work-Study Program includes: announcing, scriptwriting, production, programming, management, sales, news, sports, Liberal Arts, Professional, faculty, studios and equipment. Learn on school stations WCHB and WCHB-TV. Student activities: Placement, Downstate, Grad. Catalog. Write Mr. Wood, Cambridge School, 632 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02215.

went right back to wrestling together. "Another time," Mudcat says, "I was in the drugstore and I looked down and saw this little girl staring at me. She literally didn't know what I was. So I just bent over and said 'boo' to her, and she 'bout died."

Pretty soon everybody in Cherokee was looking at Mudcat. And then they were talking to him and visiting with him. When he wasn't playing at Steelman's, Mudcat was all over town, at Larry French's house or with the Bob Stevensons or dropping by the hangouts or the schools. "I guess I visited just about every school in the area," he says, "elementary right on up. At first I would just sort of stand there and show them what a Negro was. Then I'd start talkin', and pretty soon we'd all be talkin'. We just talked and got to know each other. Don't get me off on kids. I can't resist kids. I just talked and they asked me questions about almost anything, from Vietnam to the riots to baseball. There was no mayhem. Cherokee was just the warmest little town.

"My ultimate goal in life is to get enough money to put together an apartment-type building in Lacoochee for my family. We're a close family, and this way, if we're all living together, it would be even easier to work out all our problems. We work together. Like I have already sent one of my nephews through college—I have about a thousand nephews and nieces in Lacoochee—but now when he gets the chance he has to work to pay that money back. Only the money won't go to me. It will go to pay for the education of the next one in the family. Do you see? It is a type of contract you enter into. You get your way paid, but then when you have the chance you have to pay for someone else.

"I live in Shaker Heights. That is my home now, but Lacoochee will always be my home, and now Cherokee is my second home. We started a program there, the high school principal and the music teacher and some of us, working to raise money for a boys' baseball field. Just before I had to go out to L.A. before spring training, I made another trip to Cherokee and made a lot of appearances there, trying to raise the funds for the field. And I wanted to see all my friends again anyway. Someone told me, 'Mud, if you ever came to live in Cherokee and ran for mayor, there wouldn't be no contest at all.' " **END**

People who drink Old Fitzgerald don't know any better.



They know Bourbon, and they know there's no Bourbon any better than Old Fitzgerald.

You see, we gladly accept all the extra expense of hand-made care and all the extra time it takes to follow our family's original sour mash recipe.

We know that the unvarying character and flavor of our Bourbon cannot be achieved by any other method.

As a result, Old Fitzgerald is the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky, and probably in the world.*

No wonder the people who drink Old Fitzgerald don't know any better.

*Source: Kentucky Distilling Records

Old Fitzgerald
Bonded or Prime Straight, the most
expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky.



OTTIE WELLS • KENTUCKY DISTILLING FAMILY DISTILLERY • 15148 LOWNELLE, KY 40340 BOTTLED FOR EXPORT AND IMPORT BY THE DISTILLERS ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY

Bornie Patch



Dan Sikes



Grand-Slam is the word...
and Munsingwear's got it.



Designed by more pros. Worn by more pros. That's Grand-Slam®, champion golf shirt of them all. The Munsingwear® Penguin swings this spring with fresh styles, easy care fabrics and top-flight colors to partner with any slacks. Still happily unchanged: Grand-Slam's notable quality, extra 2-inch tuck-in and patented action-arm for superb comfort. At savvy sportswear departments everywhere.

Pass the word along...it's Munsingwear for sportswear.

Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405. Grand-Slam is a Munsingwear Reg. TM



Mercury's got it. A "Competitive Edge" Sale.



Mercury
Premiere Coupe.
Specially equipped,
specially priced for a
nice competitive edge.

Includes a big 350 V-8, deluxe interior trim, wall-to-wall carpeting, and an AM radio. (Also in a 4-door sedan.) You expect a good deal. And you'll get it: white sidewall tires, deluxe wheel covers with medallion, and all.



A competitive edge
for all kinds of people.

Everybody's different.
So we make different cars for everybody.
Get the Mercury that's exactly right
for your pocketbook and personality now.



First hardtop with yacht-deck vinyl paneling.

It's the paneling made famous by our Colony Park wagon. You see it here on our Park Lane sweepback. This paneling is tougher, longer-lasting than real wood. And every bit as beautiful. Also available on our Park Lane convertible. At your Mercury dealer's.



Your competitive edge
on the tee:
Arnold Palmer Golf
Balls. 3 for \$1.95.

The same quality Arnie
uses. Regularly \$3.75.
Available for a limited
time at participating
Mercury dealers.



Dan Gurney Cougar.
Limited edition.
Specially priced.

With deluxe interior,
remote control mirror,
wide tread whitewalls,
Gurney decal, special turbine
wheel covers, plus concealed
headlamps, buckets, 302 V-8
engine, sequential rear turn
signals, etc. And remember we
said specially priced.



The Fine Car Touch
inspired by the Continental.



Miss Marianne Moore, Mrs. John F. Kennedy and Authors Terry Southern, Philip Roth, William Styron and Peter Matthiessen were among those present at the great moment when George Plimpton (below) finally succeeded in proving that he is not chicken. So he fought Archie Moore and played pro football with the Detroit Lions—last week he got married. The bride wore white. Hundreds of other women were inclined to choose black.

Olympic Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson has temporarily disappeared from KNBC-TV screens in California pending a Federal Communications Commission's ruling on the implications of his membership in Senator Robert Kennedy's presidential delegation in that state. Not until—and if—Kennedy wins the California primary and the show hits the road to Chicago would Johnson's membership in his delegation seem to mean anything specific. NBC, to play it safe, however, has relieved him of his on-camera sportscasting duties for fear that his political commitment would be made grounds for invoking television's "equal time" ruling on behalf

of other political organizations. The move seems far-fetched ("I would not have been mentioning anything political," Johnson observes), but until the FCC has ruled on it Johnson will continue at full salary behind the scenes at KNBC-TV sports, handling other newsmagazine chores and reporting assignments.

Roy Rogers is known to be a religious man, and readers of *The Arizona Republic* may have been taken aback recently to read that the pious cowboy "shoots craps and skits" to keep fit. The following day the paper was careful to carry Mr. Rogers' correction. He does not gamble, and he does not ski. What he said was, he shoots trap and skeet.

A group of Washington wives is reported to have given up jogging in favor of skipping rope, and one of them, Mrs. Mark Hatfield, wife of the Oregon Senator, has composed this stirring couplet for the girls: "Doves, eagles, hawks and owls/Jumping rope will get rid of your jowls!"

Opponents of Kent State Miler Sam Blair have caught up with him from time to time, but at least none of them ever bit him in the back. Recently Blair was out running his regular 10 miles when a German shepherd did catch up to him and then added the injury to the insult. "He sort of got his mouth around my waist," Blair says, "and just took a big chunk. My ribs are sore, awful sore." In the country around the Kent campus, Blair explains, almost everybody has a dog. The animals run loose and are a real training hazard to trackmen working out, chasing them the same way dogs chase cars. The boys, being somewhat more vulnerable than Fords, carry spray cans of stuff called Malt. "It's what a lot of mailmen carry," Blair says, adding ruefully that on this occasion his supply must have slipped from his belt. The shepherd was



identified and proved to have had all his shots. And was the owner awfully sorry about the whole thing? "Well, no, I don't think you could say she was awfully sorry. You know how some dog owners are—their dog wouldn't bite anybody. I think she thought I teased it or something. I told her, 'Ma'am, I was just running by.'"

"She helped us with the gold drum by bringing back a gold medal," President Johnson observed of Olympic Skating Champion Peggy Fleming (above), and he augmented her collection of that metal by one pen and a chain bracelet bearing the presidential seal. Then he escorted her from his office to the rose garden, which was suffering a seasonal absence of roses but did offer a magnolia tree, from which Mr. Johnson picked a blossom to pin to Peggy's shoulder. Later someone asked Peggy if she were a Democrat, a difficult question for a young lady to answer while standing newly pinned with a Democratic President's magnolia, but Peggy neatly replied, "Not yet," and left it to her listeners to guess whether she simply meant that she was not yet 21.

While Washington women are jumping rope to get rid of their jowls (an anatomical improbability when you really give it some thought), a group of Washington men in the Government is preparing to keep fit a little more competitively. Former Honorary U.S. Davis Cup Captain C. Alphonse Smith has released his 1968 tennis rankings. Under Secretary of the Navy Charles Blair comes first, followed by William McChesney Martin Jr., Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, Walt Rostow, the President's special assistant, Paul R. Ignatius, Secretary of the Navy; Sargent Shriver, Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity; Harold Brown, Secretary of the Air Force; Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior; James Byrd, former Chief of Protocol; Alexander B. Trowbridge, former Secretary of Commerce; and Robert McNamara, former Secretary of Defense. Rostow fell from first to third place this year, the Secretary of the Navy is fourth in his Under Secretary's first, and there Robert McNamara is, fetching up the rear. It may be handy to have a Chief of Protocol around.



A new life for some old cats

The military draft and big-league expansion may be specters to some, but to a small group of aging fringe players they are a fountain of youth

Down at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Fla. this spring, Dick Schofield dressed alongside Bob Gibson, Tim Lincecum and the rest of the important St. Louis Cardinals. Over at Cocoa, on Florida's east coast drag strip, Bo Belinsky disappeared from the Houston Astros' dormitory with a *Playboy* magazine centerfold, a real live one named Jo Collins, and threatened to return to Hawaii. And out West in Scottsdale, Ariz., in the Chicago Cubs' camp, Dick Radatz, who for three years was the 267-pound monster that strutted out of the Red Sox bullpen to turn baseball bats into Silly Putty, missed home plate with 24 successive pitches and looked somewhat like a 267-pound tabby cat.

Despite their different situations, the three were among the 20 players form-

ing a suddenly important category on the major league baseball scene: "non-roster player invited to training camp." Technically, the group was made up either of free agents, such as Schofield, who had committed themselves to the highest bidder, or minor league farmhands, such as Belinsky and Radatz, who were the exclusive property of a major league team that hated to let them disappear without at least one further look.

Actually, these non-roster players are major league pensioners, with at least the minimum five years in grade. The majority of the 20, in fact, had well-documented records, and a number of them had earned rather large salaries. Radatz, for instance, and Catcher Jim Pagliarone of the Oakland Athletics had been paid in summer times as much as

\$35,000 for a year's work in the majors.

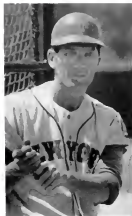
During the off season these 20 players were released by major league teams compelled to protect younger, untested players on their controlled rosters. In past years most of them would have been permitted to sink into the minor leagues or a used-car farm in Skokie, Ill. This year they were in demand because baseball teams now are confronted with two particularly stressing problems.

1) the military reserve that siphons off a number of young players to active meetings three and four times each month, and 2) the 1969 expansion of the American League—and perhaps the National League, too—that will create an instant need for 50 or 100 players with even fringe major league ability.

So, rather than finding themselves in the boneyard, the older draft-and-reserve-free players are currently hot property in a seller's market. For example, Schofield, a utility infielder who was released by the Dodgers last December, has now signed a 1968 Cardinals contract for more money than he made all last season.

The military situation prompted Phil Linz to reconsider his retirement plans and report to camp with the New York Mets. The ex-Yankee, whose New York restaurant, Mr. Laffs, grosses almost \$500,000 a year and will continue to prosper as long as athletes like stewardesses and stewardesses like athletes, planned to count money rather than sit on a hard bench all year. "Then a few weeks before the camps opened I began to have second thoughts," he said. "I had an invitation from the Mets, and Harry Dalton talked to me about working out with the Orioles when he dropped in for dinner one night. I knew the Mets, with all their young infielders, had military problems and decided to try it again." This spring the Mets' kid infielders have been flying all over the country to meet their reserve commitments, and Linz has been playing more baseball than he has in three years. He has played so well that if the Mets do not sign him the Orioles definitely will.

Schofield and Linz are not the only non-roster veterans who are likely to survive the season with a major league team. Ed Charles probably will share the third-base job for the Mets, while Hal Reniff possibly will become their No. 1 right-handed relief pitcher. In Pittsburgh, Manny Jimenez will be the top left-hand-



PHIL LINZ (LEFT) AND JIM PAGLIARONE ARE FINDING SECURITY IN A FLUID SITUATION

ed pinch hitter for Manager Larry Shepard, and if Felix Mantilla, who had earned a job last season with the Chicago Cubs before suffering a severe injury to his Achilles' tendon, does not limp too noticeably, he will be the right-handed pinch hitter for Leo Durocher. And Floyd Robinson may be someplace in the Oakland outfield if his injured knee responds completely by Opening Day.

The most impressive non-roster player training in Florida, however, has been Pagliaroni, still the property of the Pittsburgh Pirates but an Oakland Athletic by virtue of a conditional deal made last winter shortly after Pagliaroni had a cervical disc removed from the back of his neck. If Oakland decides to keep him, the Athletics must pay the Pirates \$75,000 and assume Pagliaroni's \$30,000 salary. That seems a small price for a 30-year-old catcher who this spring has been hitting home runs and throwing out base runners and handling pitchers the same way he did in Pittsburgh two and three

years ago when he was considered one of the best receivers in baseball.

Pagliaroni was the Pirates' volatile leader on the field. "Then one day everything just started to go wrong," he said. "It began when Harry Walker and I argued over the mechanics of handling pitchers. He thought that just because Vernon Law, say, could get Henry Aaron out with curves, that Bob Veale could get Aaron out the same way. Well, no two pitchers throw the same pitch the same way. Harry just never gave me the benefit of the doubt that I was a big-league catcher."

Next, Pagliaroni encountered serious problems in his position as the team's player representative. The players complained when they had to pay \$1.50 or \$2.00 to park their cars outside Forbes Field for home games, and they exhibited no especial fondness for the club's air-travel policies (it generally flies only tourist class). Pagliaroni's arguments in behalf of the players were not appreciated particularly by management. Then the

cervical disc began to act up. "It sent knots through my head and sapped my strength," Pagliaroni said. "I'd swing a 32-ounce bat and it would feel like 40."

Last May, Pagliaroni asked Pirate General Manager Joe Brown to be traded. At the end of the year, and after the operation, Brown obliged. "Now I feel like a new man, just great again," Pagliaroni said at the Athletics training camp in Bradenton, Fla. "Bob Kennedy is letting me call my game, and there are no worries as player representative. Aah. Can't you see old tippy toes right now in his size 12D white baseball shoes with pink polka dots and a psychedelic uniform. It's great to be here."

The non-roster players who do not survive spring training will, for the most part, be offered fairly large salaries to spend this year in the minors while waiting for expansion. The motive for inducing these veterans to return to the minors is simple: a team would prefer to lose, say, a George Thomas, a Bob Shaw or a Jim O'Toole in the expansion

continued

Foot-Joy presents a stunning new wing-tip version of the **Monk-Strap Golf Shoe**

Foot-Joy made news last year with the first monk-strap golf shoes. And now it adds further lustre to its reputation for elegant styling with a bold new wing tip monk-strap model. Hidden under the strap is an elastic gore which assures a smooth, trim fit. Lite-Joy construction with cushion insole. Rex last. Style 51532 (illustrated)—smooth black calf with washable shrunken calf wing tip.

At your golf professional's
Brockton Footwear, Inc.
Brockton, Mass. 02403

Foot-Joy®
GOLF SHOES
Choice of Champions



WANTED



The Bandit

WANTED: FOR GIVING EXTRA DISTANCE TO MORE TOUR PROS, CLUB CHAMPS AND SATURDAY MORNING NASSAU PLAYERS THAN ANY OTHER BALL IN THE WORLD

The Bandit is known to outshoot, outrun, outdistance anything on the course. Has been seen grabbing gold and silver trophies in 50 states. Caution: is dangerous when opposed. The only protection against The Bandit—is a Bandit on your tee.



ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
P.O. Box 90, Exton, PA 19341-0090



Who's afraid of Spyglass Hill?

Each morning the golfers set out from Del Monte Lodge to tackle Robert Trent Jones' Spyglass Hill. Facing them is a magnificent 604 yard, par-5, dog-leg, first hole. With seventeen tougher holes beyond, Spyglass Hill just isn't a course for the golfer who wants to go home and brag about his low sixties. Few are the players who have broken the par 72 for this 6,972-yard monster.

But if you spend a weekend at the Lodge

we can guarantee you this: between Spyglass Hill and the famous Pebble Beach Links, you'll play two of the most exciting courses in the world. And that's what the game is really all about. Isn't it?

Spyglass Hill

At Del Monte Lodge
Pebble Beach, California

BASEBALL continued

sion draft than to be done out of a top young prospect. On the other hand, the same club would like to have any of these men available if, indeed, it should happen to lose that same good young prospect.

"Sure, I'll go to the minors if the Red Sox send me there," said Thomas, who wore No. 24 in the World Series last October but was assigned uniform No. 53 ("The Boston on my front really spells Louisville," he said) when he arrived as a non-roster player in Winter Haven, Fla. this spring. Two weeks ago Thomas got his wish and reported to Louisville where his pay will be \$17,500, only \$5,000 less than he earned last season in the majors. "If expansion wasn't scheduled next year, I'd probably quit," Thomas said. "But I've got a little more than seven years in the pension plan and probably can get 10 years in because they will need new players to fill the new teams. I'd be crazy to quit now."

Lake Thomas, Gary Geiger will go to the minors if he does not win a job in the St. Louis outfield. A left-handed hitting outfielder, Geiger faces severe odds because Roger Maris, Lou Brock and Bobby Tolan also are left-handed hitting outfielders. But even if Geiger does not make the Cards he expects to be sent to Tulsa as a player-coach and collect \$15,000 for the year. "Me quit?" he says. "No way." Neither Shaw nor O'Toole, both of whom were sent down two weeks ago, is as certain about staying in baseball.

Then, there is the case of Dave Nicholson, the right-handed hitting outfielder who follows Paul Richards like a shadow. Nicholson signed with the Orioles when Richards was their manager. He was acquired by Houston when Richards was that team's general manager. And he was acquired by Atlanta after Richards became general manager there. When Nicholson hits a ball, it sometimes does not touch down for quite a while. The trouble is he seldom hits one, and the other day, as he prepared to go down to the minors once more, he said, "With a wife and three children, I can't afford to play in the minors much longer."

Try it one more year, Dave. What with expansion and military service, you could even find yourself playing on the same big-league team with Bo Belinsky, who might turn serious again and pinch another no-hitter.

END

Dacron.[®] Best friend plaid ever had.

AUSTIN HILL splashes a swinging plaid on slim, trim slacks, just for the fun of it. Top them with your favorite blazer—and take off! These

slacks are 55% Dacron[®] polyester, 45% worsted wool.

And "Dacron" doesn't give wrinkles the time of day. Or night! Red, blue or green, about \$25 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Alfred's, Memphis; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Robert Kirk, Ltd., San Francisco; Georgetown University Shop, Washington, D.C.; Ara's/Wellesley, Massachusetts. Ask for Austin Hill slacks with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Johnston & Murphy shoes of Carleton[®] persuasion.



Better things for better living
through chemistry





Schwinn
... for the Young in Heart

Discover the call of far away places . . . romantic settings . . . and the total relaxation of the open road. It's been there all along . . . just a short ride away on a new Schwinn bike! More and more healthy, hearty outdoor enthusiasts are losing themselves to the charm, excitement, and sophistication of modern cycling. The new Schwinn bikes with gears are marvels of precision design. Ten speed gears, smooth starts, leisurely riding qualities, and rich detailing to satisfy the most discriminating. Stop in at your nearby Factory Franchised Schwinn Dealer, let him fit you to a new Schwinn . . . the world is yours!

Send 20¢ for your 40 page full color Schwinn Bike Catalog

SCHWINN BICYCLE COMPANY

1844 NORTH KOSTNER AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639



Goodbye Billie Jean, with love from Nancy

After a distinguished amateur career, Billie Jean King decided to turn professional, but not before a rare meeting with her longtime rival, Nancy Richey, whose going-away present to her was a remarkable beating

There is nothing like a good old-fashioned feud, real or imagined, to bring out the best in people, athletes included. And last Friday night at New York's Madison Square Garden a good old-fashioned feud—46½ real, 39½ imagined and 15½ no opinion—was revived in the most startling fashion. The occasion was only a semifinal match in the Garden Challenge Trophy tennis tournament, one of a dozen stops on the winterlong combined indoor-Caribbean circuit, but for all that was at stake for the antagonists, it might well have been a Wimbledon and Forest Hills final combined.

On one side of the net was Billie Jean Moffitt King, 24, the myopic pepper pot who is totally and absolutely dedicated to the proposition that Billie Jean Moffitt King is the No. 1 tennis player in the world, which she is. "You have to hate to lose," she has often said. "That's why I'm on top."

Seventy-eight feet away was Nancy Richey, 25, a firm believer in her father George's "Thou Shalt Not Smile on the Court" philosophy.

The matchup was perfect. Mrs. King is an aggressive, hard-hitting net rusher who flails away at everything within reach. Miss Richey is a grim, stubborn baseliner who ventures to the net only by accident. The two girls have been contesting the top ranking in the U.S. for four years. Nancy got it in 1964, Billie Jean in 1966-67. They drew in 1965—both were No. 1 and, as much as anything, that started the feud . . . er, rivalry in earnest.

All in all, the Garden confrontation would have brought back memories of the famous matches between Helen Hull Jacobs and Helen Wills Moody in the 1930s, except that, before last Friday, King and Richey hadn't been on the same court together for 3½ years.

The last time they had played was in the quarter-final round of the U.S. Nationals in September 1964, Richey winning 6-4, 6-4 for her sixth victory over Billie Jean in seven tries. Since then strange things have happened: Billie Jean is not especially fond of clay, which neutralizes her wide-open, attacking game, and she has missed several clay-court tournaments over the years. Richey, on the other hand, cares just as little for grass, or any other fast surface that doesn't give her time to clobber forehands and backhands or run down opponents' shots. Billie Jean has two Wimbledon, one U.S. and one Australian title to her credit—all on grass. Nancy has won five straight U.S. clay-court championships, but has only one grass crown—Australia in 1967—and she has refused to play the prestigious U.S. grass-court circuit. For 42 months subtle charges and countercharges have been thrown about, each accusing the other of ducking a confrontation.

The most recent came a month ago when both were scheduled to play in a weekend charity tournament at C.W. Post College on Long Island. The day before it began, Nancy called in lame. (In fairness to Miss Richey, she does have a history of ailments that would endear her to medical students, most notably a chronic bad back and a bum knee.)

And so, last Friday night, while both women denied the existence of any feud, there was a certain amount of tension when they took the court—a nice slow Richey-type rubberized one, incidentally. Their only condescension to femininity were the tiny blue pompoms Billie Jean wore on the backs of her sneakers and the orange headband that Nancy wore instead of her traditional Australian flop hat. Otherwise the two of them might as well have walked two blocks to the

west and enacted a tennis version of *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*.

Billie Jean started as though that was exactly what she had in mind. She won the first set 6-4, and then, while exhorting herself loudly to bigger and greater things, built up a commanding 5-1 lead in the second. Miss Richey broke her service in the next game and held her own to cut the margin to 5-3, but it seemed like a token effort. With Mrs. King serving the ninth game, they played to deuce and finally to match point for Billie Jean.

continued



MISS RICHEY HAD A GOING-AWAY GIFT



"Pull back to the 300 yard line, men —
this group's using 'Sweet Shots!' "



Burke-Worthington Div.

VICTOR GOLF

Products of Victor Comptometer Corporation

Irish Mist® Coffee

made with Ireland's Legendary Liqueur*



Ireland is where they "Turn the Sod" before putting up a house, and if the Good People leave it so, everyone then knows the place is a good place to build. Ireland—land of legend.

Legend lives in Irish Mist, a rare blend of rich heather honey, Gaelic herbs and aged Irish Whisky.

For 3 Royal Tara Irish Porcelain cups, send \$3 to Irish Mist Coffee Cups, Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Work magic with Irish Mist Coffee. Pour a jigger of Irish Mist into black coffee; top with a dollop of whipped cream. Sip slowly through the cream. Sifts.

80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A.

Then it happened. After a short rally, Mrs. King took the net and Miss Richey sent up a very average lob, which should have meant the end of the match. But Billie Jean hit it just a fraction of a second too late and it landed a foot behind the baseline. That brought the score to deuce and started Nancy on one of the most startling streaks of her—or anyone's—career. From there, the two girls played 51 points, and Billie Jean won just 12 of them. Miss Richey reeled off nine straight games in addition to the three she had already won to take the match in a fantastic reversal of form, 4-6, 7-5, 6-0. Billie Jean had not lost 12 straight games since she forsook a promising sandlot football career for the tennis courts.

On match point, Nancy passed Billie Jean with a low cross-court backhand; when it landed in, she threw her racket nearly to the Garden ceiling. Billie Jean tapped her lightly—yes, lightly—on the head with her steel racket. Then Nancy permitted herself a slight smile, and in her soft Texas twang said, "This is my most satisfying win."

In a way, it was a shame Billie Jean had to lose. The match was her last as an amateur player. Three days later in Los Angeles she signed a two-year contract with the National Tennis League, the latest in the long line of touring professional groups, this one to be run by former Davis Cup Captain George MacCall. Joining Billie Jean in the pro ranks are Ann Haydon Jones of Britain, Françoise Durr of France and Rosemary Casals of the U.S., making it the first wholesale desertion of the amateur ranks by women in the history of tennis.

MacCall died a little when Mrs. King was beaten by Miss Richey (who then defeated Judy Tegart of Australia for the women's title the next night), but that was nothing compared to his reaction on Saturday when Roy Emerson of Australia, who was playing her last amateur tournament and was also preparing to sign with MacCall, lost to Lieut. Arthur Ashe in the men's final in three straight sets. Even more than Billie Jean, Emerson deserved to go out a winner. (Emerson's defection, incidentally, means that five of the 1967 Top Ten men amateurs are now professionals. In December, John Newcombe and Tony Roche of Australia, Nicki Pilic of Yugoslavia and Roger Taylor of Great Britain signed with a rival group, the so-

called "Handsome Eight," ran with Lamar Hunt's money. The four girl professionals were also Top Tenners.)

Both Emerson and Mrs. King were anxious to turn pro. Emerson is 31 years old, ancient by tennis standards, and takes with him the most prolific major-tournament record in tennis history. He has won 12 of the so-called Big Four championships—two each at Wimbledon, Roland Garros in France and Forest Hills, and a whopping six in Australia. Bill Tilden, the greatest player in history, won 10—seven at Forest Hills and three at Wimbledon. Emerson is probably the most gracious champion since Don Budge, and certainly the funnest. He played the Garden tournament in the same pair of shorts he has worn for three years—all the pockets are worn out and sewn tight. This was his first tournament of note since the Davis Cup Challenge Round three months ago, which he played in for the ninth time, and when he learned there was no trophy for second place at the Garden, all he said was, "My God, all I've got to show for this week is a bloody pair of sore feet. That might be my last trophy for some time."

Billie Jean, who has opinions on just about everything and who is a longtime advocate of open tennis (which the International Lawn Tennis Federation finally accepted last week), was, despite her loss to Miss Richey, ecstatic about the professionals. "The amateur game is completely filled with hypocrisy," she said. "What they ought to do is throw out all the officials and start again. It's a burden to play amateur tennis. I quit college three years ago to be No. 1. I knew I couldn't do it any other way. I made it, but what do I get? I came home last year after winning Wimbledon and somebody asked if I played Davis Cup."

"I can't even get a credit card. How can I tell them I've got a job? I do now; I'm just going to make more as a pro. The only reason we can get credit cards is because they presume my husband [Larry, a law student at the University of California] is going to make a bundle later on."

Now that she is a pro, and presumably about to make a bundle, Jean should have no more problem securing credit cards. But she would probably trade the lot of them for another chance at that easy overhead at match point with Nancy Richey.

END

Wide tread
and blue ribbon
quality, too



■ A super wide, super deep pre tread is only the start of the Big Sport story. Under that massive, long mileage tread Dayton builds in today's ultimate top-of-the-line quality to make this tire the total performance leader. Nylon cord plies? Dayton gives you four. Rubber? Dayton uses incredibly tough grades of polybutadiene. And we prove this tire's enormous stamina with 130 m.p.h. testing. Yes, for a wide, deep tread plus quality of the highest order ask for the hi-performance Dayton Thunderbolt Blue Ribbon Sport. There's a size to bring exciting new road control to your car. THE DAYTON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY DAYTON, OHIO 45401



Big Sport
from **Dayton**
A 70 SERIES DAYTON THUNDERBOLT BLUE RIBBON TIRE

**If you had just one place to
plant a story, where would
you try to plant it?**

Life. Consider the alternative.

Rubies for a great big mouse

Raul Rojas, a tough, slugging featherweight, survived a ballooning right eye to lay claim to a flashy belt and a WBA-type world title

Mickey Davies, the matchmaker, was sitting at his desk in the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles last week. It was the day before Raul Rojas was to meet Ebanque Higgins of Colombia for the WBA's version of the featherweight title. Davies was asked if he wanted Rojas' name engraved on the silver plate on the front of the championship belt. "Yeah, put Rojas' name on the plate," he said. "If he blows it we'll change it. And while you're at it, get some rubies or something and fasten them around the plate. Put some *flash* in it."

The next night, pounded and stung, Rojas rescued a 15-round decision from Higgins. Rojas is little more than jockey-sized—featherweights cannot weigh more than 126 pounds—and he staged the kind of exciting fight that is typical of boxing's little men, who brawl all the time in California, Mexico and the Far East but rarely in Madison Square Garden. "I can't understand it," said Davies. "They provide more action than the big men."

One reason for the Garden reluctance is that it can be a full-time job just keeping the little fellows categorized and memorized. For example, Argentina's Horacio Accavallo, 33, is the current WBA flyweight (112 pound) champion. In 12 years he has lost only two of 84 fights, but the WBA isn't the only boxing commission around, and Britain, Europe, Australia, New Zealand and Thailand recognize Chatchai Chonoi of Thailand as their flyweight king.

Lonel Rose of Australia, a mere 20, is the bantamweight (up to 118 pounds) champion. Rose won the title five weeks ago in Japan from Fighting Harada, and within 48 hours he was cheered by a crowd of more than 100,000 that lined Melbourne's streets. Ironically, Rose got the match only after Jesus Pimentel of Los Angeles—who may be the best fighter in any division—backed off when refused a larger share of the purse.

Los Angeles' Raul Rojas, no doubt

injudiciously, never backed off from a fight in his life. Born 26 years ago, he grew up in places like Watts and East Los Angeles and was in and out of reform school more times than he can remember. There were 12 in the family, he thinks, but he cannot be sure. It was not a good family. Two brothers, in fact, have served sentences in San Quentin. Rojas was known as "Little Roy," and led a gang named, appropriately enough, "Little Roy's Gang." They carried guns and knives. During one eventful afternoon when the gang was hanging around a street corner a shot rang out and the boy next to Rojas toppled over, dead, a bullet between his eyes. There was a chase, a fight and more shooting, and Rojas wound up with the California Youth Authority once more. When he was released in 1962, the warden told him that if he got into similar trouble again it would probably mean the gas chamber for him at San Quentin.

So Rojas turned to boxing. "All I ever was was tough," he said. "I thought I'd put it to work." In the first round of his first pro fight Rojas marched to the center of the ring and elbowed his opponent in the mouth. "I'd always worked with heavy gloves before," Rojas said. "It felt as though there was nothing on my hands. I nailed him good, and he didn't get up."

During the next five years Rojas lost only once—to Featherweight Champion Vicente Saldivar in 1965. Last October, Saldivar retired unexpectedly, and the WBA, ignoring World Boxing Council ratings that put Howard Winstone of Wales first and Japan's Masunori Seki second, organized a championship elimination tournament. Rojas, No. 1, signed to meet Higgins, No. 2, with the winner agreeing to fight Frankie Crawford, No. 3, within 90 days.

Nobody in Rojas' camp knew much about Higgins, except that his record was 30-2 with 23 KOs and that he had never been off his feet. He was supposed

continued



I have proved the PLUS 1™ is the world's longest distance iron through constant experimentation and by hitting thousands of golf balls under actual playing conditions. ♦ This new distance performance is possible because four key design developments have been refined in my 1968 irons. These changes, while not easily visible, now mean you can use a club less than you normally would. ♦ Where you have been using a 6 Iron, you now can use a 7 Iron and still get the same distance with greater control. ♦ I want you to use my new PLUS 1 irons and see what a difference they will make in your game. Ask your Golf Professional to let you try them right away.

Ben Hogan golf equipment available only through Golf Professionals



BEN HOGAN CO.
2012 West Pafford Street
Fort Worth, Texas 76104

to be a slugger who never took a backward step, and he did nothing to allay this impression when he announced through an interpreter: "I'm going to start swinging from the opening bell and will not stop until Rojas is at my feet."

Rojas was not impressed. He scorned Higgins' 2½-inch advantage in height and 4½-inch edge in reach. "I like guys taller than me," he said. "My overhand right goes straight down their barrel."

Last Thursday night more than 10,000 smoking, drinking, whistling fight fans squeezed into the 43-year-old Olympic. Rojas, entering the ring first, raised his arms to the cheers of "¡Andale, Raul, andale!" and "¡Viva, Rojas!" When Higgins, lean, wiry and curly-haired and a 3½-to-1 underdog, raised his arms he drew only scattered, sympathetic applause. Then the bell clanged and the crowd was treated to surprise No. 1: Higgins was not a slugger, he was a counterpuncher, nimble and very smart. Through the first five rounds he ran, and he was behind on points.

By the sixth round, Rojas had grown disdainful of Higgins' ability to hit. Shaking off the light blows, he plodded ahead in his wide, flat-footed style that affords the leverage for some very heavy punching. It was here that he got surprise No. 2: Higgins won the sixth. Big.

The Colombian's left jab suddenly became stiff and penetrating, and his right hand shook up Rojas twice. Higgins gained momentum in the seventh round, and in the eighth Rojas walked into a straight right hand that left him stunned. In the ninth Higgins opened a cut over Rojas' left eye; in the 10th he blasted the tape off of that cut and by the end of the 11th was leading on two cards and was even on the third. Angry and frustrated, Rojas was losing his poise.

Then, with 30 seconds gone in the 12th round, Higgins caught Rojas with a solid right to the cheek. Rojas, flurrying instinctively, struck back, and this time Higgins failed to get out of the way. A hard right followed by a left hook left Higgins teetering near the

ropes. Then Rojas launched a long, sweeping right. His forearm cuffed Higgins along the left side of the head. The force and weight behind the blow sent Higgins sprawling through the ropes.

That was the fight. Higgins, aware that he was suddenly far behind, tried to slug it out the rest of the way. But, as he had proven so admirably, he is not a slugger. The decision was unanimous.

Afterward, strangely, Higgins hardly looked like the loser. He was unmarked, except for a small welt on his forehead, while Rojas' right eye was purple and closing fast and the left one not far behind. "It was a beautiful fight," Higgins said. "I congratulate Rojas. But I could beat him easily next time."

If Rojas is wise, there will be no next time. Supine on a bench in his dressing room, he wore the black championship belt—with rubies—around his waist and an ice pack over his right eye. "That was the hardest jab I've ever run into," he said. "And I was running into it all night."

END

Here's the casual way to shoe a clothes horse.

The classic handsewn goes contemporary with buckled strap and spring's newest shade: mellow textured bourbon. One of 80 casual/correct styles, \$11 to \$20.

INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY
57 LEXIS

Trujuns®

THE
SATURDAY
SHOE



These guys work for the Jockey Trophy™ testing lab
but all they do is golf-off...



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The verdict is nix on the negative double

In the perpetual feud between opposing schools of bridge bidding, there is something to be said for the wildly liberal "Hatfields" as well as for the hide-bound conservative "McCoys." Is it better to conduct a scientific exchange of as much information as possible, knowing that the enemy is listening in? Or should you bid your values—passing when you lack them—and let the opponents try to find their best course with as little help as possible?

To get down to cases, consider the negative double. This gadget has been adopted by a large number of American experts, and I do not deny that, when conditions are precisely right, it can perform yeoman service. In its simplest application, the negative double works this way:

Opener bids, say, one diamond. Opponent on his left bids one spade, and opener's partner has a hand with some values, including, especially, four cards in hearts. For example, a hand like:

♠ 4 3 2 ♥ Q 10 4 3 ♦ 7 6 ♣ A K 9 8

What is he to do? Even an overbidder who wished to stretch a point or three and bid *something* would be giving a false impression of his suit length if he said two clubs or two hearts. Yet if he does nothing at all, there is the danger that the opponents may buy the contract and that his side will have "lost" the heart suit. Change responder's hand so that instead of the king of clubs, he holds the king of diamonds:

♠ 4 3 2 ♥ Q 10 4 3 ♦ K 7 6 ♣ A 9 8

Now he would be justified in raising to two diamonds, though even this is not without danger if partner has opened with a poor, four-card diamond suit. But the best suit still will have been bypassed if opener holds four hearts and

isn't strong enough to bid them. For example, opener might have:

♠ A 5 ♥ J 9 7 6 ♦ A Q 10 9 5 ♣ K 7

Barring bad breaks in both red suits, the partnership has a reasonable play for four hearts, but is most unlikely to reach that contract if, after the spade overcall, the responding hand either passes or bids two diamonds.

The negative double guards against this calamity. Instead of the old meaning of a double in this situation—"Partner, I think we can set them"—the negative double says, "I have at least four cards in the other major and a moderate amount of strength—from as little as seven points up to about the strength of a minimum opening bid. If you also have four cards in the other major, bid it, but in any case bid *something*. My hand is not especially well suited to defense against their suit."

All this is excellent. But the trouble with all wonder bids, including this one, is that an astute opponent can often turn them to his own advantage. The hand shown at right is an illustration.

South's election to overcall with one spade when he had quite a holding in the other major suit—and should have preferred a takeout double—needs some explanation. South was a gentleman with a high regard for his own redoubtable skill in the play and something less than full respect for partner's. Moreover, I am happy that South did *not* elect to double one diamond because then I would have had no story.

West, holding four hearts to the jack and the ideal distribution for a negative double, promptly trotted out that gadget and thereby hangs our tale. After North's vote-of-confidence raise, South leaped to the spade game. When this got around to East he thought that his

Both sides
vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ 9 8 3
♥ 10 7 5 4
♦ 7 6 3
♣ A K 9

WEST
♠ 2
♥ J 9 8 6
♦ K J 8 4
♣ Q 10 6 4

EAST
♠ K Q J
♥ 3
♦ A Q 10 9 2
♣ J 8 6 3

SOUTH
♠ A 10 7 6 5 4
♥ A K Q 2
♦ 5
♣ 7 2

EAST
1♦
PASS
DOUBLE

SOUTH
1♠
PASS

WEST
DOUBLE
PASS
PASS

NORTH
3♦
PASS
PASS

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

two sure trump tricks and diamond ace, along with partner's show of some strength, guaranteed defeat of the contract. He said as much by doubling.

East won the diamond opening with the ace and continued diamonds. Declarer ruffed and studied the situation for a few seconds. He assumed that East must have three trumps for his double, so declarer would have to lose two trump tricks. He could afford this, but he could not also afford to lose a heart. And West's negative double had announced four cards in the heart suit.

So South laid down the ace of hearts—in case East's singleton was the jack—and then guilefully led a low heart toward dummy's 10. Perhaps West shouldn't have been caught by this maneuver but he was. When he played low, to his distress he saw his partner forced to waste a spade honor on the heart 10. After that, declarer had clear sailing, losing only one more spade to East for a total of three tricks. You might say West's negative double turned out to be a positive giveaway.

END

R. H. Sikes. Bert Yancey

Day after day, 500 rounds a year, these pros put our Trophy sportswear to the tournament test. To make sure Trophy shirts, jackets, and sweaters keep up with your action. On and off the course.

Jockey  **TROPHY.**
TOURNAMENT-TESTED SPORTSWEAR

JOCKEY WEAR, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN • A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.



Bert, left, in re-craw 2-ply 100% Dacron® cotton knit, \$5. R. H.'s shirt, 50% Dacron® polyester, 50% cotton Life Press® fabric. Soft collar & extra long sleeves, \$7.



Diving stripes in 50% Dacron® polyester, 50% cotton Life Press®, with button collar. Extra long sleeve, \$7.



Hi crew with contrasting "V" insert. In 2-ply 100% Dacron® cotton knit. Extra long sleeves, \$6.



R. H. in 6-button cardigan, 50% alpaca, 50% wool, \$20. Bert wears a 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton jacket with adjustable cuff & extra long raglan sleeve, \$15.



Another winner. Striped 50% Dacron® polyester, 50% cotton, Life Press®, \$7.



TOP HUNT IN THE TOP END

BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

Civilization abruptly stops at Darwin in Australia's Northern Territory. There the bush takes over, and dirt tracks wander through a rough land abounding in beauty for the explorer and game for the hunter and fisherman

CONTINUED



Like the drone of a giant insect, the hum of the didgeridoo filled the hot afternoon. To the syncopated rhythm of the singing sticks, near-naked natives chanted a cacophonous melody. Hypnotized by the strange sights and sounds, I watched one of the oldest rituals of man performed by some of the most primitive people on earth in one of the most remote and least-known parts of the globe. The ceremony was a native corroboree, the people were Australian aborigines, and the place was that continent's Northern Territory, one of the last of the world's great wildernesses.

Spread over more than half a million square miles, the Northern Territory covers a sixth of Australia yet supports less than 2% of its population. It is a land of infinite resources and of riches beyond compare, but it is also a rugged land that has stubbornly resisted all efforts to tame it. Today the territory is still a place of empty spaces and broken dreams, of rivers with too much water or none at all, of towns without people and crossings without roads. By jet it is only 1,600 miles from Sydney, but it might as well be a million. For most Australians, the territory is that vague and shadowy somewhere they call the Never-Never or the Top End. But for the sportsman, the explorer and the adventurer, it can be the most exciting of all hunting grounds.

The main city and the gateway to the Northern Territory is Darwin, where civilization suddenly stops. At the city limits streets give way to trackless bush, houses to row upon row of towering ant-hills and people to buffalo, feral cattle and wild horses. There is only one proper road out of Darwin. It runs through Katherine south to Alice Springs. The route from west to east has no name. It is only a dirt track through the bush. Here and there along the track is a clearing with a store of sorts where a traveler can rest while he refuels his vehicle and himself.

There is such a store at Jim Jim, 190-odd miles east-southeast of Darwin, at the edge of the area known as Arnhem

Land. It is a tiny box of a place set upon stilts and occupied almost entirely by a counter and several refrigerators filled with beer and soda pop. The store is owned by an expatriate Englishman named Tom Opitz, who runs it with his wife.

There are only two seasons in the Top End: the Dry, which runs from April through October, and the Wet, which for half the year turns the territory into a watery wasteland. In this season, when the east-west track is under water and floods rise partway up the stilts of their store, the Opitzes are cut off even from the occasional passing wayfarer.

The Wet had not yet begun when we flew into Jim Jim last October. We landed on a crude strip hacked from the jungle behind the store. With me was a photographer, Vic McCristal, and a hunting and fishing guide, Brian Craig. Brian's assistant, a young New Zealander named Bert Silver, had trucked our safari equipment and supplies in from Darwin the previous day.

We set up camp the first evening at the edge of one of the most beautiful lagoons I have ever seen. It was several miles long and in places half a mile across. Patches of water lilies floated on the surface, and dozens of bays and inlets probed the jungle. Along the shore pandanus trees dipped their roots into the water, providing shelter for myriad fish.

Just before dusk we gathered fishing equipment, backed the truck to the water's edge and launched the small boat we had brought with us. Fish broke the surface as they fed. Every now and then there was a splash, louder than the others.

"Barra chop," Brian said. "Cast towards it."

I was using spinning tackle with a silver-colored surface plug similar to one we might use for bass in this country. I cast, then rapidly retrieved. Suddenly the water erupted around the plug. A fish ran with the lure, leapt, turned and raced toward the boat. I raised the rod, still reeling. Five min-

utes passed before I finally maneuvered it to the net.

"Now there's a fish," Brian shouted. "The aristocrat of them all—barramundi. You'll go a long way to match that fellow."

By Northern Territory standards it was not a large barramundi—just over five pounds—but its fight had been worthy of a fish twice that size. Strictly a tropical fish, the barramundi (*Lates niloticus*) is found throughout the northern coastal belt of Australia, in fresh and salt-water rivers, inland lagoons, tidal estuaries, bays and inlets. Actually a giant perch, it resembles our tarpon both in appearance—silver scales, thick body and square jaw—and fight, but all similarities end there. The barramundi is virtually boneless, and its firm flesh makes excellent eating.

While broiled barramundi for dinner and listened to the music of the jungle. Even in Africa I do not remember hearing as many bird and animal sounds as in the territory. There was an uninterrupted concert of chirps and chaws, twitters and trills. From the lagoon the splash of barramundi and crocodiles accompanied the song. In the trees flying foxes played tag. Small animals scurried in and out among the bushes. Nuts dropped with unexpected crashes to the earth below. Overhead, wings mysteriously flapped in the dark.

As my ears grew accustomed to the various sounds, I noted a shuffling in the bush. At first I thought it a wallaby. As the sound grew louder, I realized that it must be a larger animal. It was coming directly toward camp. I moved behind a tree and waited. About 20 yards away a shape detached itself from the darkness. Brian, from behind another tree, aimed a torch toward the intruder. In the circle of light stood a bull buffalo, its head high, its nostrils snuffing the air.

I grunted at the buffalo, secure in my place behind the tree. It waited another moment, then shuffled off into the night.

It was a perfect end to a perfect evening. Of all the game in the Top End, the Asian buffalo (*Bubalus bubalis*) is the trophy. This unexpected visit had to be a lucky omen.

I was too excited to sleep. As I strolled about the campsite savoring the scene, I came upon a small wooden sign tacked to a tree. On it were printed the words POSITIVELY NO SHOOTING. I was astounded.

Brian was vague about the sign's meaning. It seemed clear enough to me. Under the loosely defined homesteading laws of the territory, the land we had camped on belonged to Tom Opitz. It was his privilege to declare it off bounds for hunting if he so desired. It did not take much conversation with him the next morning to learn that he had done exactly that. We obviously were camped in the wrong place for a hunting safari.

It had taken all of the previous afternoon to set up camp. It took the entire morning to take everything down and reload it on the truck. It was soon before we got under way. Our destination was a billabong near the headwaters of the South Alligator River, where, Brian assured me, the hunting was both excellent and legal. En route we stopped to enlist the services of one William (Yorky Billy) Alderson, who was supposed to be an expert on the area into which we were headed.

Yorky's mother had been pure aborigine. His father, as Yorky was fond of explaining, had been a Yorkshireman. Now 70ish, Yorky was thin and bow-legged, with sharp aquiline features and skin the color of bitter chocolate. Long ago, when buffalo were shot professionally from horseback, Yorky was one of the territory's best-known guns. When jeeps replaced horses, Yorky retired to the tin-roofed shack in which he lived with his wife and a multifarious assortment of dogs and children. Yorky supported them all on an incongruous combination of government old-age and baby-bonus pensions.

Although the billabong appeared on a crude map of the area to be only a

few miles away, our trip took five miserable hours, most of it in four-wheel drive. By the time we arrived, Brian had turned an ashen gray and his forehead was beaded with perspiration. He could not straighten up and was in severe pain. Only then did Brian admit through clenched teeth that he had undergone an operation for hernia 10 days before. He had made vague reference to an operation in Darwin, but he had suggested that it had been minor surgery, performed weeks before. It was now clear that he had been in no physical condition to undertake this safari.

There was still Bert. Admittedly he was inexperienced, but he was young and strong. Brian insisted that Bert and Yorky Billy together would be able to handle the guiding until he recovered. In the meantime, he would direct the operation from camp. The plan he outlined was for us to go by truck the next day to the South Alligator River, then by boat and outboard north on the river to a tributary identified on our map as Nourlange Creek.

Brian said there were buffalo in this area with enormous heads. They had never been hunted, he explained, because there was no overland way to reach them and no one had thought of using a boat to do so. It sounded logical at the time.

Yorky Billy did not show up the next morning. We waited for him until 9 and then decided to go on without him. On horseback he could move much faster than our truck, and hopefully he would overtake us before we reached the river. But we did not reach the river that day, even though, through binoculars, we could make out the fringe of bamboo along its banks.

We managed to get the truck through the thickest bush, but we were stopped by the black-mud plain that lay beyond. In the Wet, the black-mud plains are covered with water, and the surface mud is yards deep. In the Dry this mud bakes to a stonelike clay, and great fissures and cracks form in it. A man can cross

a plain by jumping the crevasses, but a vehicle cannot.

Yorky Billy was in camp when we returned after dark. Brian was up and feeling better. There was a roast simmering on the fire, and ice still left in the chest. Over dinner the future began to look brighter. Yorky knew a way to the river.

The next morning Yorky led us through the paperbarks and then along a narrow ribbon of traversable surface that threaded the otherwise uncrossable plain. By 10:30 we found ourselves standing at last on the bank of the South Alligator River.

The riverbed was 10 feet below us and about 50 yards across—no water, just mud and oozing, quicksandlike silt. In the middle a single rivulet of gray-brown water trickled. Nobody spoke. We all just stared.

Then, from the north there was a rumble as if of thunder. We watched in astonishment as a solid wall of water—a tidal bore—rushed along the riverbed from the sea. It reached the point where we were standing at exactly 10:45 a.m. By 11:15 the water was rising so rapidly that a two-foot post stuck in the bank vanished in minutes.

We hastily unloaded the boat, tossed in gear, guns and lunches, and slid it into the river. The tide was so strong that at first we had difficulty making headway against it. By 12:30 the tide began to subside and we picked up speed.

At five minutes to one we reached the mouth of what appeared from the map to be Nourlange Creek. After four or five miles it narrowed rapidly, ending in a small bay choked with brush. We pulled the boat up on shore and moved to high ground. An hour later the water was completely gone from the creek. Again there was nothing but mud. The running tide, from low to flood to low, had taken only three hours and 45 minutes. It had been just long enough to float us to the place where Brian said we would find the big buffalo.

As if on cue a bull buffalo moved into a clearing about 500 yards away.

continued

As we debated the merits of its head the bull's attention was attracted by a group of cows on the horizon. It began to stroll toward them, putting more and more black-mud plain between us. There was no cover for stalking the buffalo across the plain.

We headed for a large billabong to the south, hoping to find either a better approach to the bull or better buffalo. When we reached it, hot and footsore, I pulled off my boots and waded in fully clothed. As I did, thousands of magpie geese rose from the water. They flew about 50 yards, then set down on the plain, a great, chattering blanket of birds. While I soaked, wave after wave of geese flew low over my head, dipping so close that I could have touched them with an outstretched arm. Fortunately, the lagoon's other inhabitants were less curious. As I came back up on the bank I startled two crocodiles that had been sunning in the mud near shore not 100 yards from where I had bathed.

At 4 o'clock, without having seen anything but scattered groups of cows, we started back across the mud plain. At dusk we reached the place where we had left the boat. A brisk wind was beginning to blow. There was a storm smell in the air, and as it grew dark flashes of heat lightning seared the sky. In the distance we heard thunder.

The men built a fire, and Vic shot a goose for dinner. Yorky gutted and plucked the bird and laid it on the fire. It cooked to a crusty black and, although the meat was tough, it was juicy and pleasant-tasting.

Just as we finished dinner, the storm that had been building up since dark erupted in a torrential downpour. The wet was evidently beginning early. We pried everything within reach on the fire to keep it burning, fashioning a pyre of logs, limbs, old tree trunks and branches that blazed a dozen feet into the sky. Surprisingly, it burned throughout the first hour-long storm and through several shorter ones. With the rain, the temperature dropped abruptly, and we were now shivering. We tried to sleep as we waited out the next tide, but only Yorky succeeded.

Just before midnight we heard what

sounded like the splash of a fish. The tide was coming in. By 12:15 there was enough water in the creek to float us. The night was very dark. There was not a star or a familiar shape to guide us. What we could make out looked different than it had before. When we had come into the creek the tide was almost out. Now, at the beginning of our trip back, the river was rising to full flood. To the right and left there were broad arms of water that had not been there before. We mistook the junction of the creek and the main river twice before we actually reached it. With each mistake we lost valuable tide time.

Then, on the river itself, we lost our way and blundered off into a tributary. Yorky, who was rapidly proving more masochist than half-caste, insisted that camp was that way. To believe that a native could be less oriented than the dudes was inconceivable. So we believed him.

About 50 yards down the tributary Bert yelled from the bow: "Timber." His warning was one second too late. With a splintering of wood our boat rammed into a bush. All around us we began to make out the fuzzy shapes of more such bushes projecting from the water. We were definitely not on the main South Alligator. I remembered the compass. It showed that we were headed east, not south as we should have been. Yorky had struck out.

We backtracked to the junction and again began groping toward home. Once we hit a log dead on and for a horrible moment thought we had sheared a pun. As the log crunched beneath the bottom of the boat, the motor sputtered and died. Yorky, huddled in the darkness, mumbled, "Holy Mary and Joseph." He might have completed the litany had he not at that moment discovered water in the boat.

"There's a hole in the boat," Yorky shouted. "The water's coming in. We'll sink." The old fellow was terrified. For a moment I thought he would leap over the side. Only the thought of the crocodiles lurking there kept him from abandoning ship. The water in the boat turned out to be rainwater that had not been noticeable when the boat was planing.

We managed to restart the motor but

were rapidly running out of water. At this point, we also ran out of gas. As the last of the river disappeared, the boat began to settle in the mud. Our outlook was far from pleasant. If we did not get to shore immediately we would be stranded in the middle of the riverbed for at least another 12 hours. With no water to drink and no cover from the scorching morning sun, we would be in serious trouble before the next tide.

We climbed over the side and promptly sank to our hips in mud. Using the boat for leverage, we somehow managed to drag ourselves and it to shore. We fell on the bank exhausted. It was still raining, the ground was sopping wet and we were covered with mud and slime. We turned the boat over and crawled under it, aching and chilled.

Ironically, first light revealed the outline of our truck on the horizon. We had come within a mile of it in the dark. Brian, who had stayed behind with the truck, had spent the night in the paperbarks. The storm and the rain had not improved his health.

We found the camp in shambles. The storm had lashed across our campsite with near-burncase force. There was water everywhere. The contents of the galley were strewn from one end of camp to the other. There were ants in everything.

As I surveyed the wreckage, I reluctantly faced the fact that not just the camp but the entire safari was a wash-out. Brian was in no condition to guide us, even verbally, and he obviously needed a doctor. Yorky Billy had taken off for home the minute he reached dry ground, and Bert was about to take off for Darwin on his Suzuki in order to "guide" some American tourists on a one-day local outing—a fact nobody had bothered to mention before. The time had come to make some changes.

In Darwin I had heard of two professional guides who maintained permanent camps in this area. We reloaded the truck and returned to Jim Jim where Brian was left in the Opitzes' care until a plane could fly him back to Darwin. Vic and I then set out to find Don McGregor and his camp, which he called Paonga.

continued

IF YOU OWN A SET OF WILSON STAFF CLUBS



HERE'S WHY IT WAS THE SMARTEST BUY YOU EVER MADE.

It was your smartest buy because when you step up to the first tee you know you're armed with the best weapons ever to attack par. Because, from their fine calfskin grips down to

their two-piece sole plates, Staff woods are made for one big thing—distance. But also because no little thing has been left undone.

For example, the head design includes contour on the sole to help play tight lies. And layers of tough maple are bonded together in a special cross-grained pattern to direct the hard end grains against the ball. Wilson calls it Strata-Bloc® construction. You'll call it driving power.

It was your smartest buy because the irons have accuracy designed into them. Wilson removed all useless weight and placed it where you need it: right behind the ball.

Because Staff irons, with their wide oval, deeply-contoured soles, are made to ride through ball and turf without digging in, permitting a smooth follow-through.

Because (if you bought your Staffs recently) you had a choice of either chrome-plated steel or the new lighter aluminum shafts with anodized satin finish. Whichever you picked gave you the "feel" you want in your game because all Staff shafts are

matched to the individual club heads—all feel the same, respond the same.

Because golf is more than a game; it's a great way of life. And it's nice to know you've put into it the greatest clubs ever built.

Tee off a Wilson Staff ball. That's another smart buy. The Wilson Staff ball will go where you hit it with your Staff clubs. They're played by Sam Snead*, Billy Casper* and Julius Boros*. Do you need any more assurance than that?

*Members of Wilson Advisory staff.

SMART BUY, TOO.



Wilson®

(Available only through golf professional shops.)

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Ill.
A subsidiary of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc.

Cutty Sark

America's No. 1 selling Scotch



TOP END *continued*

McGregor has not always been in the safari business. He used to be a loner—sailing around the Top End and putting his homemade canoc into bays and inlets unknown to white men. He lived on the fish he caught and the animals he killed and, in between, he hunted crocodiles for their skins. On one of his rare calls at a civilized port, he met a girl named Nola from the south and left the sea to marry her. For a while they were happy. Then the wild places he had known before began to call him and he went back, at first for weeks, then for months, leaving his wife alone in the lonely territory.

When he came home he drank, and as he drank he teased her with tales of his travels. She was drinking, too. One night she shot him through the stomach with a .22. McGregor was rushed to a hospital at Darwin, where he spent two weeks fighting for his life. His wife later did a year in a jail in Darwin. McGregor is now remarried and Nola is never mentioned at Patonga, but in the territory the men who knew McGregor then say that he has changed. He is no longer wild. The struggle to build and keep Patonga has been a sobering one, and it is by no means over. Financially, Don McGregor is still fighting for his life.

If a camp's setup alone determines the success of a safari business, Patonga's should be snubbing. It has everything—superb accommodations, magnificent grounds, abundant game—but beyond the territory, where the clients are, few know that it exists. And McGregor, with typical territorial taciturnity, has made no particular effort to acquaint the world's sportsmen—both the shooting and nonshooting kind—with what Patonga and the territory have to offer them. It is considerable.

The bird life in the Top End is so remarkably diverse and unusual (more than 80% of Australia's 650 different species of birds do not occur outside the continent) that it warrants a safari all its own.

Besides birds there are numerous buffalo in the Patonga area, as well as wild pigs, a wide variety of marsupials, from the fat-tailed marsupial mouse to the

brush-tailed phascogale to the inquisitive red Wallaroo, herds of brumbies and packs of dingos, the wild, wolflike dogs that are among the most ferocious of the territory's creatures. There are also geckos and skinks, lizards without legs that look like snakes, and goannas that grow over eight feet long. And there are crocodiles.

If there is anything that kindles excitement in McGregor, it is crocodiles. Some territorians hunt them for their meat, which has been alternately described as "good tucker" and as something akin to boiled rope, and some hunt them for their hides. McGregor hunts them for both reasons, but he hunts them, too, for the sheer euphoria of the experience. The hunting is done at night with head lamps, and the darkest nights are best.

"At first most people beam on sticks and rocks and all sorts of things," McGregor told me. "They think they see croc eyes everywhere. But once you see one, you know the difference. It's red. Bright red."

"What then?" I asked.

"Keep the light on the eye. No matter what happens, don't let the beam stray from the eye. And don't make a sound while we move in on him. Crocodiles hear real good."

"How close will we move in?"

"Close," he said. "Five feet. Shoot behind the eye. Anyplace else the hide is too thick. After you shoot I'll harpoon him. Otherwise he'll sink to the bottom."

McGregor was right about the sticks and rocks and things. As we moved along the lagoon I found myself focusing on all kinds of inanimate objects. Outside the small circle of light it was so dark that I could not tell where the trees along shore ended and the sky began. The night sounds were strangely ominous. They suggested sinister shapes moving through the blackness. A mullet jumped from beneath the boat with a splash, and I almost went over the side.

The lagoon soon narrowed to a channel about 10 feet across. The foliage on either bank was so thick that it met and formed a leafy arch overhead. Then the water opened up again into what seemed

continued



1. Place hand where indicated.
2. Crumple the windshield.

No law says you have to actually wear the seat belts you have in your car.

Maybe one should. But, meanwhile, we urge you to buckle up every time you get in the car. (And to get everybody else to buckle up, too.) Because we keep seeing what happens to people who don't. And there's only one thing worse than working with unpleasant statistics: being one.



STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA, Worcester, Massachusetts 01601. Founded 1914. Life / Health / Group

The America Group

STATE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • WORCESTER FIDELITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • GUARANTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • EVERETT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN SAVINGS ANNUITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY • SEABOARD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN INSURANCE FUND (INDUSTRIAL COMPANY)

Free reservations



This is a blanket statement. Ask your Master Host to make all reservations ahead for you at any Master Hosts motor hotel, pronto, and watch him smoke. No wampum for phone call.

Without reservations, Master Hosts have the finest accommodations, dining, recreational and group business pow-wow facilities in America. With reservations (yours, free), we'll prove it to you. Wickup?

For free directory to America's finest motor hotels, send to: Master Hosts, Dept. 1, 6901 W. Fairway, Fort Worth, Texas 76116.



American Express, Shell, Conoco, Citgo or Sohio credit card accepted at all Master Hosts.



TOP END continued

to be soother, smaller lagoon. Suddenly behind me McGregor hissed out the word: "Crocodile."

I swung around to the boat, and as my light swept the shore it picked up a single bright beacon. It was red—a brilliant red—and it glowed so vividly in the blackness that it seemed to give off its own light. McGregor had been right. I would never again mistake anything else for the eye of a crocodile.

The canoe started toward the red eye. All the noises of the night seemed to stop. I was moving as if in a great, silent void. The eye glowed brighter as we drew closer. I kept moving my head to keep the beam of light on the big eye. I raised my slug-loaded shotgun and tried to line it up on the eye. The light beam jumped to one side. I jerked my head back. The red eye was still there. I was having a terrible time trying to focus the gun and the beam at the same time. The canoe glided closer and closer. Then, without warning, the eye was gone. There was not a ripple on the water where it had been.

McGregor turned the canoe around and poled back toward the channel.

"What happened?" I whispered.

"Waited too long," he said.

"But we were at least 20 feet from him. You said we would be closer than five."

"Can't always get that close," McGregor said. "Too bad. No chance now."

"Let me try something," I said. I had with me a Burnham Brothers predator call, which had produced some remarkable results on past hunts.

We waited in darkness while the lagoon settled back to its normal night activity. Then, without flashing on the light, I began the call, screeching and screaming through the plastic mouthpiece for a full five minutes. We waited another five. Then I aimed the light toward the place where the crocodile had been and flicked on the switch. The red eye reappeared in the beam. I heard McGregor draw in his breath, as if not believing what he saw. He hesitated for a moment, then began to pole toward the crocodile. We were about 30 yards from it when the eye again vanished.

McGregor turned the canoe around and paddled back to the channel. Neither of us spoke. We sat unmoving for 10 minutes. Then I called again. This time I waited even longer to switch on the light. The eye was there. We moved toward it once more. Without taking my eyes from the glowing red beacon I raised the gun to my cheek. The barrel was a blur. I wondered which side of the eye was the crocodile's body and which side was its nose, and I knew if I wondered much longer the answer would be academic. We were within 30 feet of it now. I tried to keep my head and the light and the gun from quivering as I pulled the trigger.

There was a loud splash. Ahead of us rings spread upon the water. To the bush along the shore animals ran for cover. A bird squawked. McGregor said, "Missed." I looked at him foolishly. "Shot too soon," he added. "Fired ahead of him, too. Supposed to fire behind the eye." It was a clear case of hitting zero. But for sheer suspense, the evening's hunt would be difficult to match.

From Patonga we moved north to Nourlangie, where Allan Stewart runs the other permanent hunting camp in the territory. Stewart is the antithesis of McGregor—voluble, gregarious and cavalier. His dress—boots and swagger stick, hush jacket and "digger" hat—gives him a theatrical look, and his history supports his appearance.

Stewart, who describes himself as "a kit-bag baby born on the Black Watch," was brought to Australia from Edinburgh at the age of 6 by his army father. When he was 13, he became a bugler with the Scottish regiment in New South Wales. Stewart left the army in 1945 with a distinguished war record as a commander of an infantry unit in the Middle East, Ceylon and New Guinea, the rank of lieutenant colonel and a permanent limp from a riding accident.

Of all the areas in the Northern Territory, Nourlangie probably comes closest to being the perfect safari spot. While the camp itself lacks the elegance and formality of Patonga's lodge and gardens, the physical setting is easily the most beautiful in the Top End. A gov-

continued

Blame the dry martini on us.



If it weren't for Fleischmann's, the dry martini might not be a national pastime today.

You see Fleischmann made America's first dry gin—back in 1870.

Obviously the gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.



Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

THE FLEISCHMANN DIST. CORP., NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN



Arnold Palmer golf jacket by WINDBREAKER®

Kodak

AN EASTMAN POLYESTER FIBER.

Kodak

Championship caliber—the lasting crispness of Kodak in this free-swinging jacket for breezy days on the fairway. The fabric: durable-press poplin of Kodak polyester and Avril® rayon.

WINDBREAKER® tailors the official Arnold Palmer golf jacket. Marine blue, martini, banana, powder blue, toast, sand, avocado, black/navy, gold, regular, Large & Long sizes. Made to sell for about \$15 (slightly higher on the West Coast). At fine stores including: Macy's New York; Kennedy's, Boston and New England; Stewart & Co., Baltimore; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago and suburban stores; Parsons, California and Nevada.

**Make mine the fiber that takes
36 holes in smooth stride! Kodak®**

KODAK and the KODAK logo are trademarks of Eastman Kodak Company, 300 Main Street, New Haven, CT 06510. © 1984 Kodak. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

TOP END *continued*

ernment surveyor's error put Nourlangie's five square miles in the midst of the Woolwonga Reserve, surrounded on all sides by a vast game sanctuary.

Beyond a 30-mile-long series of lagoons is an enchanted forest carpeted in moss and painted in a hundred hues of green. In early morning mists rise in smoky swirls around the mangroves and the air is filled with perfume and the sound of waking birds. Wild pigs grunt and wallow in the swamps, brambles gallop across the meadows and buffalo graze leisurely toward the marshes.

Buffalo are not native to Australia, but they have been on the continent almost as long as the white man. The first ones were brought to the territory from Tumor by schooner in the early 1800s. From this handful, abandoned when the first settlements were abandoned, are descended Australia's present herds. They now number about a quarter-million head, and because they are true water buffalo they are restricted almost entirely to the tropical coastal belt of the Top End. They range over some 17,000 square miles of marsh and river flats, flood plains and tidal land, at home, writes Historian Ernestine Hill, "in a patch of Australia that nobody else wanted, a belt of swampy prairie unfit for the breeding of any other beast on earth but crocodiles."

In such wilderness the buffalo has thrived. Since the end of the 19th century more than a million animals have been killed for their hides and flesh. The early professional buffalo killer pursued his quarry as much for glory as for gold, taking wild chances for the thrill of the chase, firing over his horse's head as he galloped from beast to beast, bedding down in a bough shed before a different campfire every night, winding up if he were unlucky on the wrong end of a buffalo's horns with a ripped gut and a dead horse.

In contrast, the modern professional shooter is an efficient, mechanized dispatcher of death, a salaried employee who works with minimum risk and moderate reward for one of the several large buffalo works in the territory. But in spite of his more sophisticated methods of slaughter, he seems to pose no great-

continued



Also available in Limited Edition 101 proof

It
tastes
expensive
...and is.

Maker's
Mark

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

90 Proof • Star Hill Distilling Co. • Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

STACY-ADAMS



Stacy-Adams sets the pace...so do the men who wear them

The lines are smooth, the instep is strapped and gored for comfort. There is a subtle luminescent character to the textured calfskin. Casual elegance on a good fitting last. Style 467 in black and style 468 in antique jade green. Stacy-Adams Shoes \$12.00 to \$100.00. Stacy-Adams Co., Brockton, Mass. 02603, Established 1875

**5 minutes after
you get home
from the office,
Play 18
holes in
your own
back yard**

Why be a "once-a-week" player, with a bulging handicap? Put your own 18-hole, 6,755-yard, par 72 golf course in your back yard or garage: sharpen your game at home and HAVE FUN doing it! Use all your clubs—driver to putter, hit regulation balls. Correct slices and hooks, improve backswing and follow-through. And watch your score drop! The secret's in a transistorized, battery operated analog computer that indicates distance and a shot-sensor cushion that absorbs ball impact and shows direction—including hook or slice. Swing-Away Pro Golf sets up in less than a minute and folds for storage in a 21" x 40" floor space.

Be the first family on your block to own and enjoy your own golf course! Write for the name of your nearest dealer. \$495.00

Swing-Away
A **BRUNSWICK**
PRO GOLF



Try Swing-Away at your dealer...win a Hawaiian Holiday for two!

Win a 10-Day Hawaiian Golf Holiday for two in Brunswick's Swing-Away Spring Sweepstakes...register at your nearest Brunswick Dealer, and try Swing-Away. There's no obligation. (Entries close June 30, 1968. Void where prohibited.)



Brunswick

68 West Washington Street • Chicago, Illinois 60602
CONSUMER DIVISION • BRUNSWICK CORPORATION • WORLD LEADER IN RECREATION



When you're sitting around the clubhouse after one of those rounds explaining why you hit more trees than greens, chalked up more bogies than pars, don't . . . if you're wearing Dexter golf shoes . . . don't even bother to blame the shoes. We're sorry if that proves to be a handicap . . . one less thing to blame. Understand, it's not that we're trying to make things harder for you. If we were, you can be sure that we wouldn't give you this rich, supple, hand-rubbed calfskin leather upper. Neither would we bother to wrap your foot in a mellow glove leather lining, set it on a gently cushioned insole, and then support it on a light flexible leather sole. Neither would we try so hard to swing you into style with this great new canyon copper color. Now . . . can Dexter really help you play better golf? Sure. But we'd suggest the first thing you do is take about a dozen lessons from a good pro. Try Dexter golf shoes at department, shoe, sporting goods stores and pro shops. Style shown #4031



DEXTER SHOE COMPANY, 31 ST. JAMES AVE., BOSTON, MASS. 02116

TOP END *continued*

I waited for what seemed an hour but was probably no more than three minutes. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Gordon. He was partway across the clearing, trapped without cover. His arms were outstretched, his body rigid. He might have been a statue. Finally he raised one eyebrow. He was signaling me to look the other way.

Off to the left stood an immature bull, obviously on sentry duty. Its nostrils were working the air with rhythmic vibrations. It was not yet alarmed but it was suspicious, and it was clearly communicating its qualms. The two big bulls stopped feeding. They seemed to be studying the young bull. The cow and her calves fed on, unconcerned. Had they looked up, they would have stared right at me.

After what seemed forever, the two bulls resumed feeding. I raised my rifle and studied the head of the old fellow through the scope. It looked even better than it had from a distance. I turned toward Gordon and nodded to indicate that I was going to try to take the bull. He winked. It was only the second movement he had made since being caught in the clearing.

To reach the trees at the edge of the swamp I would have to cross the other half of the clearing, directly in the line of sight of all six buffalo. To make it, I had to catch them in the brief instant when they were all looking elsewhere. If I made a sound or was spotted by even one of them, the stalk was over.

I waited out the minutes. Suddenly the moment was right. I dashed for the nearest tree in a crouch, throwing myself behind its trunk. I dared not look around it to see if I had been detected. Either I had made it, or the buffalo were already gone. I would have to wait until my heart, pulse and breathing returned to normal to find out.

Then, finally, I peered around the side of the tree. The buffalo were still there. The young bull had moved closer. It was fidgety, but it had not detected me. The old bull had its head low and was feeding as before. I raised my rifle and steadied it against the tree trunk. Through the scope I watched the big bull. Slowly it raised its head so that it

continued

From the people who brought you no radiator. No carburetor.

Inside the left rear fender of every 1968 Volkswagen Fastback and Squareback, there's a small metal box full of transistors, wires and stuff like that.

This box is an electronic computer.

What it computes is exactly how much gas the four fuel injectors ought to shoot into the manifold.

What the whole business does is replace the carburetor.

So you can forget whatever carburetor problems you've had in the past—dirt, flooding, jamming, you name it—because there's no more carburetor. What you get instead is quick, sure starts and efficient engine operation under all conditions.

That's because electronic fuel injection is a whole new way to make car engines run.

The closest thing to it is a \$325 optional extra on a car that costs almost twice as much. But electronic fuel injection is standard equipment on Fastbacks at \$2,179,* and on Squarebacks at \$2,349.*

All of which should make you feel the same way about the carburetor as you do about putting anti-freeze and water into the radiator.

You can learn to live without it.



GO where the action is!



You'll find the action at Stardust & Casino Club, the only place for it, in the heart of Las Vegas. The club's famous entertainment like the Kim Carnes, Tina Turner and others, plus the famous Stardust Casino on from dusk till dawn. Have a gourmet dinner at the Stardust Casino. Try the Sun Tan Plus Grill at our restaurant. Or visit the Stardust Casino. Yes GO! Travel agent, travel agent, travel agent! Or visit the Stardust Casino. See our Heavenly Holidays brochure.

Stardust

HOTEL & CASINO CLUB LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

1,000 LUXURY ROOMS AT \$8 - \$10, PLUS 500 DELUXE ROOMS AND SUITES

every step is softer!

Wigwam SOCKS



Golf is more fun in the snug softness of Wigwam. They're STA-SIZED SHIRK-TREATED to hold their shape and comfort. At specialty shops, department and sporting goods stores.

WIGWAM MILLS, INC., Shogwen, Wis.
In Canada: Hanes Mills Ltd., Prov. of Quebec
for every sport and everyday wear, too!



If you don't help your school officials open recreation areas nights, weekends and during the summer, nobody else will.



For a free brochure and information to help you write: Future, Washington, D.C. 2001
PRESIDENTIAL COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL FITNESS

TOP END continued

was looking directly at me. I put the cross hairs on a spot midway between its horns and a fraction above its eyes. At this distance, if I managed to hold steady, the bullet should go about one inch above the point of aim.

I squeezed the trigger and, as always, I did not hear the shot or feel the recoil. The hull slowly sank to its knees, then dropped its head and went down. The other buffalo froze for an instant. Then they turned and galloped off in panic. At the far edge of the swamp the young bull stopped. It looked back for a moment, as if confirming to itself the danger it had suspected all along.

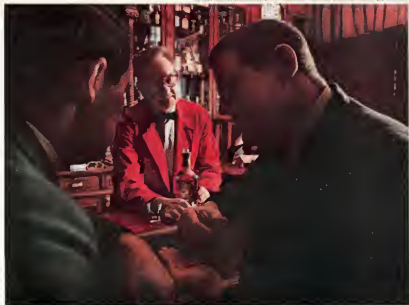
Gordon ran up and shook my hand. He said, "Good work, mate!" It had been a fine hunt for a fine trophy.

In camp we celebrated the buffalo for most of the night, and the next day the aborigines in the village near Nourlangie put on a special *corroboree*. They spent the morning painting themselves with ochre for the occasion. In the hut of Old Nem, the Magic Man, I sat on the ground with the children and watched him paint the bare breast of his tiny wife Maria. She pulled on a cornucop pipe as he dabbed white dots and designs on her black skin.

Besides being chief artist and Magic Man, Old Nem is also head of the tribe at Nourlangie and is the only member permitted to sing many of the special *corroboree* songs. The songs belong to him, and when he dies they will be buried with him. As he sang them in a whining falsetto voice to the primitive beat of the didgeridoo and the rhythmic clanking of the singing sticks, the men stamped their feet and worked themselves into a frenzy. On the sidelines, the women clapped and swayed.

In their strange and garish paint, the aborigines looked like people of another planet—wild creatures performing a wild ritual in a wild place. The bush throbbled with their beat, and I found myself slowing in time to it, unable to keep my feet still. The women danced toward me, waving and nodding and laughing as I tried to follow their steps. It was all vaguely familiar. I had done this dance before. At discotheques.

END



Let's make it Chivas, the company's buying.

Our thanks to companies everywhere for okaying the purchase of so much Chivas Regal.

It's a great honor to be so often voted the right Scotch to impress clients with. Or clinch deals with. Or bathe corporate wounds with.

However, we'd like to point something out to all you affluent men of affairs:

An occasional tot of Chivas Regal at your own expense won't require an additional bank loan.

What's involved is about an extra \$2.50 a bottle. A big dime an ounce.

And the beneficial effect of such an ounce is indisputable.

If only for the nice, warm feeling that you couldn't possibly be treating yourself any better.

Does the slight added expense still irk you?

Try this:

See if your tax man will entertain the argument that a little Chivas Regal is essential to your working as an efficient corporate cog.

But be sure you talk to him over a glass of Chivas.

Toronado. Built for leaders, not followers.

Men who follow the herd would probably feel out of character in a Toronado. And for good reason. It's not a follow-the-herd kind of car. To start with, Toronado looks different. Broad-shouldered. Browny—right down to that mon-sized trunk.

Toronado is also different in the way it rides and handles. Its **FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE** and torsion-bar suspension lay down the low to

the road—gently but firmly—even on ice, snow, mud or sand. In short, Toronado isn't likely to appeal to every Tom, Dick or Harry. Which is really one of its biggest appeals.



The front-wheel-drive youngmobile
from Oldsmobile.





birds

If all airlines were the same, they'd look the same.

But all airlines are not the same—so paint serves a purpose... identification. Continental Airlines has a new paint job—orange and red and gold stripes on a clean white fuselage.

We call these bold new stripes "competition stripes" because we'd like them to

remind you how we're different



proud bird

from the competition. The difference is the almost patriotic pride of our people. Their pride explains the exacting thoroughness with which they do everything for you and, actually, it's the reason for our handsome new look: now we have a paint job to match our pride.

In the Continental States of America, come travel with us and feel the difference

pride makes. Our C.S.A. map shows you where our all-jet fleet goes. By the way, gold is still the color of our Proud Bird's tail.



proud people



The Continental
States of America
The Route of the Proud Bird

CONTINENTAL

THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL.

Break the ice with Teacher's Scotch

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, dark hair and large, round, metallic earrings. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is holding a glass of whisky with both hands, her fingers wrapped around it. The glass is partially filled with a golden liquid. The background is a warm, textured surface, possibly a wall or a piece of fabric, with some light-colored, irregular shapes that look like snow or ice.

About
725
a fifth*
Bottled in
Scotland



The mellow flavour of Teacher's warms things up without being obvious about it. No rough edges.

That's because it's made from the cream of Highland whiskies. Try it tonight. You'll see no Scotch improves the flavour of water—fresh or frozen—like Teacher's.

Flavour that warms things up

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 40 Proof. ©2000 Teacher's Inc.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—NBA: Philadelphia and Boston ended out the week at 3-7 in the best-of-seven Eastern semifinals against New York and Detroit, while, in the West, San Francisco led division champion St. Louis 3-2 and Los Angeles won its debut game against Chicago 4-1. With the playoff series tied 1-1, PHILADELPHIA came from behind to win the third game 138-137 in double overtime over the Knicks despite Cassie Russell's 40 points, but the Knicks grabbed the fourth game 101-88 behind Walt Bellamy (25 points) and Doug Barnett (27). The Tigers moved ahead, however, by winning New York 125-109 in the final Great second game. BOSTON, with a 46-point second quarter, defeated Detroit 121-118 in the first game of the series. The Celtics lost the next two games, 128-116 and 109-99, and were well on their way to losing again when they scored 80 points in the second half to win 137-109. The Celtics romped in the second half again in the fifth game, winning 141-106 after leading by one at half time, and won 156-96. With the series tied at one game apiece, SAN FRANCISCO claimed St. Louis with back-to-back victories—125-109 on Jeff Mullins' record 51 points and 108-107 when Mullins, who scored 35 points, hit on a 15-foot jump shot with 36 seconds left. The 53rd game went to the Hawks 120-103 as Mullins was held to only 12 points. With Jerry West scoring 42 points and Elgin Baylor 31, LOS ANGELES won two games, 109-99 and 111-108—dropped one 104-98 in the Bulls' Fran Ruben's record 41 points and then won the last two 93-87 and 122-99.

ABA: In the Eastern semifinals, champion PETTIBURG swept its best-of-five series with third-place Indiana to move into the finals against Kentucky. Kentucky three games to two. ABA scoring leader Charles Harkins led the Pipers with 100 points in the Pacers at Pettiburg, won easily, 146-122. In 1973-74 and 1974-75, the Madison had a tougher time with the series with the Pacers. The two teams alternated victories, each winning two in the first round. Minnesota took the first game 113-102 in Madison, but in a close second of 86 points, the Hawks lay over the second 100-93. Minnesota's third 116-107 on Darnell's 31 points. Kentucky's fourth 94-88. Minnesota's final game 114-107. The Hawks' heavier second place DALLAS led its series with fourth-place Houston on the last evening of the playoffs. Brothers (Charles totaled 62 points and John 31), scoring 111-110, 111-87 and 118-87. The Mavericks' Willie Somerset scored 42 points in the first game and 40 in the second but was held to only one in the third. In the other Western semifinals, champion on NEW ORLEANS was tied 2-2 with third-place Denver, winning 130-104, 105-93 and losing 105-98, 108-100.

GOLFING—LPGA: ROSAS of Los Angeles won a 19-hole playoff over Fátima Higginbotham of Columbia in a 19-hole playoff. Higginbotham's championship elimination loss at Los Angeles (Apr. 8/7).

FRISBEE: TODD MAKLER, a Penn senior, won the color title at the NCAA championships at Wayne State University for the second straight year. Cornell senior DONALD SIEGA earned the state title and GERRARD ESPINDA, a San Francisco University senior (and his school's only entry) took the title at COLLEGE. He won the team title by five points over runner-up NYU.

SWIM: TONY JACKLIN, 25, became the first Englishman in 48 years to win a PGA tournament when he totaled 271 to take the 72-hole, \$100,000 Knoxville Open by two strokes over five other golfers.

MICKIE WRIGHT won a 34-hole title of 213 to win the LPGA 541-550 Point Beach Course Open by four strokes over Bob Jensen and Carol Math.

HOCKEY—NHL: The 5th-year regular season ended with a 7-1 win for the Boston Bruins over the Montreal Canadiens (7:27-25), as former father-son duo, dropped three of his four games, while slugging CHUCK GAGNON (24-36-44) lost five in a row before tying the Red Wings 5-5. The Canadiens (33-31-10) lost to the Rangers 4-2 and then won four in a row to come in first. Four points behind the Black Hawks, and less than 100 points (127-135) were three, and one. PHILADELPHIA

(31-32-13) gained the West Division title by losing three of four games at LOS ANGELES (14-31-10) dropped two, and one to its finish second, one point out. ST. LOUIS (27-31-16), with three wins and a loss, gained third place, two points behind the Kings, while MINNESOTA (27-32-13) finished fourth, one point further back after a 1-2-1 week. PITTSBURGH (17-34-19) won four, and one and lost four. GALT (15-43-17) and one, lost one. STAN MIKITA, of the Black Hawks gained one league scoring title with 87 points, the Hawk's ROBYN KULL, third in the race points (64) and PHIL ESPPOSITO of the Bruins had the most points (49).

HOCKEY RACING—FORDWAY PASS (37-26) won the \$14,000 Florida Derby by 2 1/4 lengths over Iron Butler, while ALLEY GRIFFITH (35-26) won the \$147,100 Santa Anna Derby by two lengths over Don B (near 24).

At Austere, England, RED ALLEGATOR, a 100-0-7 shot, was the first of only 17 horses to finish the Grand National Stakes in one of a 45-horse field. Red Allegator, owned by John Mervens, a former test teacher in northeast England, finished 29 lengths ahead of runner-up Moscone's Tokim.

HOT SPOTS—CALE YARBOROUGH of Timmerman, S.C., driving a 1961 Mercury, won the Atlanta 500, his second 500-mile stock-car victory, in the four weeks, with an average of 100.7 laps in 73, defeating Lee Roy Yarbrough, who was runner-up to Cale in the Daytona 500.

ROWING—CAMBRIDGE broke Oxford's three-year winning streak in the 14th 480-pound 370-yard Thames test with a 10-length victory, giving Cambridge a 62nd victory in the series.

SKIS—NANCY GREENE of Canada clinched in least a tie for her second consecutive World Cup when she won the women's giant slalom at her home course near Kitzbühel, Austria, while France's JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY won his second straight men's World Cup when he took the men's slalom.

SWIMMING—CHARLES NICKCOX won three individual medals to lead INDIANA to the NCAA Championship team title at Champaign (page 21).

BASEBALLS—NAMED as Athletic Director at the University of Miami, Kenneth C. Smith, Jr., was named to the position. Smith, 57, is now retiring after 15 years. He will return as Athletic Director.

MOVIES from Anaheim, Calif., to Los Angeles, the ABA AMERICA, who also changed their name to the Stars.

SIGNED: By the last place San Diego Rockets of the NBA, the University of Houston's ELVIN BLAYES, 22, college basketball Player of the Year, for a reported \$400,000 for four years.

SIGNED: Professional contracts in the National Tennis League, by two-time Wimbledon Champion ROY EMERSON, 31, BILLIE JEAN KING, 24, BERNARDY CASARE, 32, MRS. ANN HAY, DOUG JONES, 29, of England and FRANK CORRE, 25, of France. Mr. King is the U.S. and Wimbledon champion, Miss Casare is 19th ranked in the U.S., Mr. Jones was runner-up at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1967 and Miss Durr in France's No. 1 player.

REIGNED: TEX WINTER, 46, basketball coach at Kansas State (283-117 record for 15 years and eight conference championships, including this season), to take over as head coach at the University of Washington. COTTON PIETZMANN, 36, Water's assistant, will be the new coach at Boston.

SOLD: By the Chicago White Sox to the Los Angeles Dodgers for some \$250,000, outfielder ROCKY COLAVITO, 34, who averaged 13 home runs and 19 RBIs in 11 AL seasons until last year, when he had only eight homers and 30 RBIs as a partner with the Indians and the Sox.

DIED: ELEANORA SEARS, 98, the Boston resident who won over 240 trophies in sports, men and women participated in sports only as spectators. At Palm Beach, Fla. Miss Sears became the first and only national squash racquet champion in 1928, was national doubles champion in tennis four times and her last home with Massachusetts had a record in New York's National Hunt Show. She drove an automobile in 1925, flew an airplane five years later, walked the 47 miles from Providence to Boston in 93 days and was the first woman to swim the 4 1/2 miles from Bala's Beach to Eaton's Beach in Newport. Miss Sears also excelled in sailing, tennis, golf and shooting and even participated in basketball, football and boxing.

CREDITS
4—San Colinton 38—Shady & Long, Jerry Corbin, Steve Schwanitz 23—Shady & Long 34—Ovis Festival 38—Cottonwood 34—Frank Schwanitz 27—Walt, AP, Roy David Corbin 34—Mark Schwanitz, 38—Roy David Corbin 111—South Stars, The Luck Studio

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOMMY MICHAEL, a 16-year-old center for Little League's hockey team in Detroit, scored 999 goals and had 112 assists for a total of 111 points in 73 games. Tommy, who batted .375 as a Little League catcher last summer, had a single game high of eight goals.



MRS. NEWTON B. MEADE JR. of Philadelphia, teamed with Mrs. F.A.C. Vossler Jr. to win her first National Doubles squash racquet championship in Philadelphia. Mrs. Meade had gained the women's singles title for the third straight year four days earlier.



BRUCE MAHLER, the captain of Duke University's Tennis Team, won all three events he entered in the first All-South Palmetto Intercollegiate Intercollegiate Badminton Tournament at Greenville, S.C., taking the men's singles, men's doubles and mixed doubles.



WILLIAM WATTLES, a senior at Farmington (Maine) High School and captain of the ski team, was the first National Junior Burelton Olympic Development championship with a corrected time of 1:08.24 in skiing and shooting over the 10-kilometer course.



CHERYL BECHOLDT, a 16-year-old from Titusville, Fla., took her first downhill race at the National Junior Ski Championships at Bridger Bowl, Bozeman, Mont. as well as a second in the giant slalom and a fourth in the slalom to gain overall honors.



JAMES TEDESCO, 17, a 5' 8" guard at Bishop Gibbons High School in Schenectady, scored a record 35 points in the quarter-finals of the Eastern New York State Catholic Basketball Tournament after leading his team to its fourth league title in five years.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ARMS AND THE PEOPLE

Sirs:

It was refreshing to read Martin Kane's article on the firearms issue (*Bomb! Bomb! You're Dead*, March 18). Undoubtedly the hue and cry from both sides of the controversy will arrive at your mailbox.

I suggest very harsh penalties for crimes committed with firearms, or any other dangerous weapon for that matter. Let's place the burden on the criminal, not on the sportsman-citizen. Sportsmen provide millions of dollars per year, via excise taxes and hunting licenses, toward wildlife conservation and the upkeep of public lands that are available to all citizens for recreational use.

Perhaps, in this especially sophisticated age, we need not know how to shoot. Perhaps, too, we need not know how to throw a ball or sail a boat or climb a mountain. The skills to teach our sons may well be to live with smog, to enjoy traffic jams and to admire politicians who seek to ride on "popular" causes.

WILLIAM CUDDY

Inglewood, Calif

Sirs:

I wish to convey a little historic background in the defense of the Second Amendment and perhaps promote a better understanding of it, especially for your nonshooting sports readers. "Citizen soldiers" were early identified with democratic government. In about 340 B.C. Aristotle noted that oligarchies prevailed in lands where there was cavalry or heavy infantry (as only the rich could afford horses and heavy equipment), while democracies existed in lands whose strength depended upon the light arms owned by most citizens. Rousseau wrote that "all the victories of the early Romans, like those of Alexander, had been won by brave citizens who were ready, at need, to give their blood in the service of their country, but would never sell it."

In early America there was justifiable dislike for large standing armies, as mercenaries and professional soldiers historically have been inclined to ignore the rights of citizens. The constitutions of Vermont, Kansas, Ohio, North Carolina and Massachusetts state that "as standing armies in the time of peace are dangerous to liberty, they ought not to be [shall not be] kept up, and that the military should [will, must] be kept under strict subordination to and governed by the civil power. . ."

Thomas Jefferson stated that for the security of the country the only alternate to a large standing army was a source of ready reserves. Thus in the U.S. we have the militia, which Webster defines as "all able-bodied male citizens between 18 and 45 . . . divided

into two classes, the organized militia or the individual states and the reserve militia." The "organized militia" is commonly called the National Guard. If Congress had accepted the original draft for the Second Amendment as submitted by the Pennsylvania delegation in 1789, we would be having a lot less trouble today with interpretation and the understanding of the "right" to bear arms. It read: "The people have a right to bear arms for the defense of themselves, their state or the United States, and for killing game, and no law shall be enacted for disarming the people except for crimes committed. . ."

Mr. Kane cites Switzerland's history of armed neutrality as the exception among European countries that have become involved in the wars that so often spread across the Continent. This leads one to wonder what effect the right to keep and bear arms might have had on the development and preservation of self-determination and self-government by the peoples of those other European countries.

CHARLES L. WARNER

Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Sirs:

Martin Kane did a superior job, in my estimation, and stands virtually alone in treating this controversial subject fairly and objectively. One point should be added, however. Lawful gun owners and users almost unanimously believe that the "problem" of firearms could be handled simply and easily without additional legislation if the courts would only get tough with those who commit crimes with weapons. Included in this category are rocks, poles, chair legs, guns, knives and fists, to mention a few. Why discriminate? We think those criminals should be put away for real terms, instead of being freed on the excuse that they didn't have a platoon of legal talent present when they made their first few confessions. Or, if they are imprisoned, they certainly should not be paroled a short time later to repeat their crimes. We see it as a problem of enforcement and suitable punishment rather than one of legislating to the detriment of lawful gun owners, as a vain attempt to remove only one type of weapon from undesirable hands.

JOHN W. HAINES

Salt Lake City

WOMEN DRIVERS

Sirs:

I want to set the records straight regarding the 12-hour race at Sebring. There has been a great deal of controversy about a ridiculous claim by my fellow driver, Paul Hawkins, who was in a Ford GT-40, against

the driving of Miss Luane Engeman of Holland, who was in a Javelin (*The Brad, the Beer and the Porsche*, April 1). Driving a Porsche myself, I passed Luane in the race many times and never had any trouble. I've raced against her on other occasions at such circuits as Sebring and Brands Hatch, and if there is any woman driver who deserves an award for fine driving and fair play it's Luane. I wish there were more men and women in professional racing like her.

My friend Paul, in his Australian way, lost his temper, and I don't blame him for that human fault. However, after he sleeps on it, I know he'll think differently about it and realize that what he said concerning the girl drivers was a lot of rubbish.

RICCO STEINEMANN

Tampa

BILL RENDERED

Sirs:

After reading Mr. Kirkpatrick's article (*An Answer to the Bradley Riddle*, March 18) I am really amazed that he or anyone else feels that Bill Bradley's relatively disappointing rookie season is a riddle. The answer should be obvious to anyone knowledgeable in pro basketball. Bill Bradley is another highly publicized, highly touted All-American who couldn't miss, but did.

The press (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED included) made Bill Bradley a demigod. And now, because he isn't eating the NBA alive like they hoped and possibly thought he would, everyone is scurrying to find alibis for him. Let's face it, Bill is just not an Elgin Baylor, Oscar Robertson, Jerry West, Sam Jones or Hal Greer. Nor is he Dave Bing or Earl Monroe.

PIATO W. JONES JR.

Chicago

Sirs:

Thank you so much for the article on Bill Bradley, but I think it is hardly a riddle as to why he is playing like he is. Everyone is aware of the circumstances surrounding his return to the sport, and yet Bradley is being criticized for doing what other pro rookies do every year. If only people would stop asking so much of Bill and start looking at him as an unusually talented college player having normal difficulties breaking into the pro ranks, they might understand.

As for those who say Bradley is only using pro basketball as a steppingstone to fame and fortune—ridiculous! Anyone who knows anything about him recognizes a stardom that could never be doubted. The problem here is that a Bill Bradley is rare in our society today and, so, cannot be fully appreciated at first glance. I for one am proud

continued

Globetrot on a big wheel

Or how to go around the world in a thousand days on a penny-farthing

by MARY EVANS

To the screeching hot rod of today it may seem as though the bicycle is an invention nearly as old as the wheel itself. Actually, it is comparatively young. In the 1880s bicycles were an exciting novelty in the U.S. The "safety," with front and rear wheels the same size, was the newest thing, and its radical design made it possible for even the timid to mount and ride. But the real cyclist of that time remained loyal to the "ordinary," or "penny-farthing," a machine with a huge front wheel standing as high as a man's shoulder and a tiny wheel rolling along behind.

This bicycle, which predated the safety by about 10 years, was fiendishly difficult to master—a fact that helped account for the skilled rider's loyalty to it—and not readily adaptable to long-distance travel. Yet it was on such a machine that Thomas Stevens set out from San Francisco on an April morning in 1884 to cycle all around the world. Bidding goodbye to his friends with a wave of the slouch hat he was soon to exchange for a more practical pith helmet (good for warding off thrown stones as well as sunshine), Stevens began the journey that was to carry him farther, presumably, than any bicyclist has ridden since—some 13,500 miles in all.

Pedaling across lands where no American, much less an American on a bicycle, had ever been, Stevens considered himself the special correspondent for a magazine called *Owigo*. He was, more accurately, a rolling advertisement for his patron, Colonel Albert A. Pope, the pioneer bicycle manufacturer in America, whose Columbia had more than any other, made bicycling a respectable pastime.

In Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*, the Columbia ordinary was advertised "for roads." But during much of Stevens' journey there were no roads of any sort, much less the smooth macadam that Pope was promoting as best for his bicycles. Crossing the mountains beyond Constantinople, Stevens had to push his cycle up an ancient pack-animal path where there had never been a wheeled vehicle of any sort and to edge along narrow ledges above precipices. Leaving Teheran, he slogged through mud, slush and deep snow accompanied by an equestrian holy man whose horse kept falling and pitching the old man into the mire. Stevens never complained; he found the "cold, bracing air suitable for exertion."

Sometimes his bicycle had to be hauled at the end of a rope across wilderness rivers, after which Stevens would leap onto his machine and ride it across the mud flats faster than the apprehensive nomads he met could race away on their terrified camels.

In Europe, India and Japan people were used to seeing bicycles, but in Asia Manar his approach was often the occasion for riots in the villages. Everyone wanted to see his bicycle, and everyone expected to see him ride it. Usually, however tired he was, he tried to oblige, but no matter how many turns he took around the local square the crowds' curiosity could not be satisfied. At many an inn where he took refuge doors were forced open, and gentlemen travelers who tried to shelter him in their own rooms were compelled by the hysteria of the crowds at their windows to think of some polite way of inviting him back outside.

Most of Stevens' meals consisted of pot luck with nomads (usually yogurt and black bread) or the hasty purchase of the makings of a cold meal in a village followed by an equally hasty retreat into a country hiding place while village horsemen—all would-be cyclists—galloped up and down the road searching for him.

In China the danger he met was much more serious. He arrived there during a particularly severe outbreak of antiforeignism, and he spent one night clutching his bicycle in a bamboo grove while all around howling mobs searched for him. Hurling bricks and stones left dents in his helmet.

In some lands, on the other hand, his reception was more splendid than any ever dreamed of by the decorous cy-

clists pictured in the advertisements enjoying the paths in New England parks. Local potentates on every level were politely eager to know more about his marvelous machine and often asked to be given lessons on this new form of horse. Trotting along beside some tottering pasha, whose legs were too short to reach the pedals, Stevens often wished he had included a web "instruction belt" with his other travel gear. Even when he really didn't deserve hospitality, as when he shoved a pasha's son into a watery ditch for too persistently examining the cyclometer, he was feasted with pilaf and sent on his way with a guard of honor—perhaps to protect the local populace from his unpredictable temper!

In Teheran, Stevens was received by the Shah himself. His Majesty asked many intelligent questions about the bicycle and requested a complete demonstration, during which he laughingly attempted to goad Stevens into riding into a ditch in the apparent hope of seeing what might happen when a rider fell off his bike.

One American advertisement claimed that after a bike ride, "nothing is so refreshing as a good bath." Stevens was not always able to follow the suggestion of this ad. Usually, in Persia anyway, he was able to reach some sort of village, but often enough he had to sleep on a lonely plain sheltered by a tent of his own devising which used the big wheel of his bike as a tent pole.

Leaving Persia, he headed out across the Desert of Despair toward Afghanistan. The borders of that country were closed to all travelers from the outside world and its frontier guards had the reputation of being very fierce. But Stevens, who had ridden through Russia to get to China after having been denied permission, rode on, confident that the proof of courage he had shown by crossing the desert would bring him a friendly welcome. He was promptly arrested to await transportation under guard back to Persia, but his imprisonment was in many ways for Stevens the happiest period of this extraordinary journey. Led off under arrest, he was asked by his military escort to give a demonstration. "The soldiers were delighted at the novelty of their duty, and they swung briskly along as I pedaled a little faster. They smiled at the exertion necessary to keep up, and falling in with their spirit of amusement, I gradually

continued



Hubbard

AMERICA'S GREATEST SLACKS

FEATURING BLENDS WITH **Dacron®**
POLYESTER

Globetrot (continued)

increased my speed, and finally shot ahead of them entirely." A few minutes later, "with good-humored anxiety" an Afghan officer galloped alongside and "motioned for me to stop and let the soldiers catch up."

Stevens was kept in a villa with a walled garden watched over by a detail of "fierce" soldiers who every morning fastened roses to their girths and amused themselves with some caged pheasants. His captors fed him pomegranate jam, bowls of sherbet and skewers of lamb and prevented him with new boots English soap and Huntley and Palmer biscuits. A beautiful horse was tied in the garden so that he could have the pleasure of looking at it.

In all this paradise there was only one damnable note. He was not to have the pleasure of riding his bike through Afghanistan. Escorted back to Persia, he was allowed to sweep ahead of his armed escort on the promise that he would stop now and then to bathe or rest while the horsemen caught up. But his daring dashes made his guards so nervous that finally they took his cycle apart and tied it on a packhorse. The horse lay down on the five-foot wheel, bending it and breaking many spokes—the only serious mishap to the bicycle during the entire trip. It didn't do Stevens any good in the middle of Afghanistan that as advertised "the parts are interchangeable." But Afghan gunsmiths skillfully trimmed the wheel drilled new holes and stretched new spokes. Despite their care a number of spokes were not properly replaced. Even so, the wheel was still strong enough to carry Stevens many more thousands of miles.

All in all, Stevens' trip took about three years during which time he pedaled 3,000 miles across the U.S., through Europe to Constantinople and across Asia Minor to the city of Herat. There he was forced to dismount and go by sea and the Suez Canal to India, but he mounted again to cross that subcontinent as well as parts of China before taking ship again for Japan and a further bike ride.

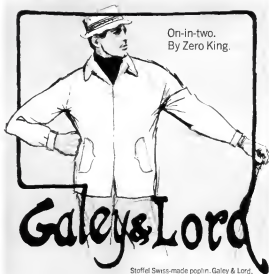
Stevens arrived home in San Francisco in January 1887 to find that the craze for cycling had swept the entire U.S. But alas for oldtimers like himself, all of the new cyclists wanted "safetyes." Stevens' globe-girdling trip was thus not only the most glorious but quite possibly the last important appearance of the old-fashioned penny-farthing. **END**



Ask the man who drives one.



Spalding gives you the professional edge.



Stoffel Swiss-made poplin. Galeys & Lord,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

MIT

174th Consecutive
Quarterly Dividend

\$14.9 million, equal to
10.7 cents a share, to
215,000 shareholders.

Payable: April 22, 1968
Record: March 29, 1968

Massachusetts
Investors Trust

SUPPORT RED CROSS

help
us
help




The deck is
stacked in your
favor when you
follow Charles
Goren's lead—
regularly, in
SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED.



Very concentrated for the breath.

19TH HOLE continued

to be part of a generation in which there
are people like Bill Bradley

Lois Von Horna

Ridgewood, N.Y.

FEMMES FATALES

Sirs,

Joe Jurek's article on Iowa basketball (*A Winner Where the Tall Corn Grows*, March 11) didn't do much for the university, which lost to Ohio State. But his references to Iowa girls' basketball were interesting. I just witnessed the state championship in which the No. 1 team, Everly, and the No. 2 team, Union-Whitten, met in an incredible shooting duel that culminated in a 113-107 overtime victory for Union-Whitten. Everly's Jeanette Olson, a 5' 10" jump-shooting senior, tallied 76 points, but it was Union's 5' 11" Denise Long and her 64 points, while being double teamed, that decided the action. In one semitrivial game Denise hit on 28 of 30 field-goal attempts with modified hooks, jump shots and drives. Everly's Olson, in four games, hit 72 of 79 from the free-throw stripe. Too bad our Iowa universities don't have coeducational teams, because Iowa is the girls' basketball capital of the world.

GERALD LUTKENHAUS

Ames, Iowa

KRAM COURSE

Sirs,

Over the years I have been a loyal reader of your magazine. I have often disagreed with many of your boxing articles. Particularly the ones written by Tex Maule, which are always filled with controversy. However, the article *Offs Workman's Conversation*, March 181 on the Frazer-Mathis bout was superb. I feel, just as Mark Kram does, that Buster Mathis is a tire bower and his only downfall was in his handlers. At first they brought him along slower than the Staten Island ferry, and then they rushed him into a fight that he was far from ready for.

Buster Mathis will decide to stay in the ring and, within three years, with the right handlers, he will become the champ.

JACK GERMAIN

Riv. Cin., Mich.

Sirs,

Where did you get that *Hooterville Chronicle* reject, Mr. Mark Kram, the man who wrote the appalling article *His Workman's Conversation*? Either Mr. Kram is a sore loser or else he is the "typical" Philadelphian he depicts in his article.

Being a native of Grand Rapids, I realize I am a little prejudiced on behalf of Mathis, but I honestly didn't think Joe Frazer would win. I was wrong, and so were many other people who have come to recognize the many abilities of Joe Frazer. But the cruel slant Mr. Kram issued Bus, a

continued

The need to be understood

It's vital in business, too.

Understanding comes to us at many levels. It is a compound of age, education, appreciation, empathy, even of desire. Often, these days, it's a miracle that it comes at all, puzzled as we are, beset by tensions, plagued by cross-purposes. But come it must, if we are to enjoy the remarkable treasures our racing technocracy has heaped before us. Understanding we must have. On a personal basis. On a business basis.

What is Nekoosa's part in all this?

Our business papers are your means for communicating ideas and information quickly, clearly and dramatically. They serve people... and the many machines that serve people... as a vital transmitter of understanding.

Nekoosa helps people to be understood. And that's a lot.

Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company • Port Edwards, Wisconsin

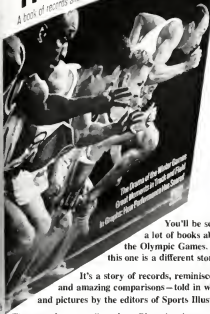


The link of understanding between man and machine


NEKOOSA
PAPERS

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

A book of records and reminiscence by The Editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



You'll be seeing
a lot of books about
the Olympic Games. But
this one is a different story.

It's a story of records, reminiscences,
and amazing comparisons—told in words
and pictures by the editors of Sports Illustrated.

The records cover all modern Olympic winners. The reminiscences range over the whole incredible history of the Olympics—the Summer Games from ancient Greece to modern Tokyo, the Winter Games since their start in 1924. Finally, the performance comparisons graphically illustrate how times have changed. (In 1924, Johnny Weissmuller swam the 400 meter freestyle in 5:04.2 minutes. In 1964, 17-year-old Ginny Duenkel did the same distance in an amazing 4:43.3!)

**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

Read *The Olympic Games*. 128 pages, including 78 pages of photography (24 in full color). Available now, \$4.95 wherever books are sold. (Also available by mail prepaid plus 15¢ postage from Department O.G., TIME-LIFE Books, TIME-LIFE Bldg., Chicago, IL 60611.)

10TH HOLE *continued*

man who still holds a 2-1 series lead, was totally uncalled for and unsportsmanlike.

DAVID GERHART

Grand Rapids

Sirs:

I am in total agreement with Mark Kram about Joe Frazer's primeworthy approach to work. He's a true paragon of honesty in business, rendering full service for his part in a contract. Kram himself continues to make his reports a treat in entertaining prose, but I'm afraid he slips in substance here and there. Thus, while he criticizes a Match-is-hunder—rightly—for subjecting sensitive Hunter to ridicule, his own story of the fight contains the hardly diplomatic or tasteful expression "staggering dumbness" to describe a fault in the boxer's strategy and tactics.

JOSEPH GANCHEA

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

About this Mark Kram (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, March 11): I thought he'd look like something between an A. J. Liebling and an H. L. Mencken. I sure blew that one. With his talent, though, I guess it doesn't matter.

ROBERT F. MITCHELL

Spokane

ONLY A TROT?

Sirs:

Thanks for the favorable article on college boxing (*College Boxing's Last Round*, March 11). When I was an intramural boxer at Cal in 1966 we all boxed for the fun of it. As for the intercollegiate program, the good sportsmanship of the competitors and the caution displayed by the coaches and the referee were impressive. Let's hope college boxing can get off the canvas.

RICHARD HARVEY
USC Medical School

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Strangely enough, at about the same time boxing was expiring in California it was getting annual approval at the U.S. Air Force Academy. About 4,000 persons were jammed into the gym as they are every year. Next year the crowd will be even larger, because the Academy will by then have its new field house ready for use.

Boxing is not an intercollegiate sport at the Academy. It is strictly intramural, and it is carefully supervised so that there is no chance of a contestant getting hurt badly. Bloody noses, yes! But that's about it.

It is a highlight of the sports program at the Academy—and it is immensely popular with everyone.

EARL E. HUYEN

Colorado Springs, Colo.



join the swingers

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON



Attention Arnie's Army: This is the "Official" footwear

It's the Arnold Palmer golf shoe styled by Charles A. Eaton in CORFAM*, Du Pont's remarkable man-made polymeric shoe upper material. CORFAM breathes to aid foot comfort. CORFAM is water repellent. Colors won't rub off. It resists cracking and stiffening. It won't water spot. And it keeps its shape. CORFAM is easy care, just wipe and wear.

Follow Arnie's footsteps with Arnie's footwear: the Arnold Palmer Golf Shoe by Eaton. In Du Pont CORFAM.

Feel free...you're in Corfam*

Arnold Palmer Golf Shoe by Eaton, in brown and white plus many other colors and combinations in Corfam. About \$38.00. Available at: Jordan Marsh, Boston; B. Altman, New York City; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Hahn's, Washington, D. C.; Tate-Brown's, Charlotte, Rich's, Atlanta; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Hughes-Hatcher-Suffins, Detroit; Lytton's, Chicago; Osherson, Houston; Bullock's, Southern California. Or for store nearest you, call any hour, any day at no telephone charge: (800) 243-1890. In Connecticut, call collect: 326-4336.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. for Du Pont is a man-made polymeric. © T.M. Arnold Palmer



Better things for better living through chemistry